



Manchester
AL
MONDO.

CONTEMPLATIO
Mortis,
&
Immortalitatis.

Much enlarged.

London.

Printed for Francis Constable. 1679

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The fourth Impression much
inlarged.



LONDON,
Printed by *John Haviland*, for *Francis*
Constable, and are to be sold at his shop
under *St. Martines Church* at
Ludgate. 1638.

AL
MONDO

CONTÉNTATIO

Motus

et

The fourth part of the

history



London

Printed by John Henshaw for Thomas
Cotes and are to be sold at his shop
under St. Martin's Church
in London

CONTEMPLATIO
MORTIS,
ET
IMMORTALITATIS.

PHILLOSOPHERS,
STATESMEN, and
DIVINES doe all
hold, that in this
world there are but
tria generavita; una est ACTIVA,
altera CONTEMPLATIVA,
tertia VOLUPTUARIA.

Which of these is best, *Queritur.*
Actio Contemplationis expert, is
vita impolita; Contemplation, if it
take up all a mans time, makes *vi-*
tam sterilem.

Voluptuaria vita, though it bee
not *otiosa*, because it is in *actu*, yet it
is but *desideriosa occupatio.*

Amongst these, who so tries all,
as I have done, shall find, that action

profits most, but Contemplation pleases best: specially that which indebtts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, are so much in thinking, as they seldome come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

When Christ was to suffer, *misit Christus Petrum ac Iohannem ad parandum Pascha. Petrus bonam actionem, Iohannes devotam significat Contemplationem.*

Man was not made for contemplation onely, his part is to doe as well as understand: In earthly things to be an actor, of heavenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicitie consists neither in rest nor action, but in a fit mixture of both

Some use Contemplation for a Remedie, it seeming to make their minds ascend, when their fortunes descend.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus repartised; his will to God, his love to his master, his

his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his friend, his time to businesse.

It is true, retirednesse is more safe than businesse; *Periclitatur enim animus in negotiis.* And yet the lesse you doe, the more you suffer. But as he is not happie that is alwayes busie; So a publike man should not alwayes bee shut up in thoughts pleasing his life in the sweetnesse of thinking. Finely saith S. *Augustine*, *Lectio sine meditatione Arida est, Meditatio sine lectione erronea est, oratio sine meditatione Tepida est.*

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To bee alwayes, or never alone, is idlenesse. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lyes in the right choyce of a good subject to contemplate: For every knowing man is so inquisitive by nature, and of so bulie a fancie, as in this it is happie for him to fall upon that subject which is fittest for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and some late Writers have fixed upon the

love of God; Some upon the passion of Christ; Some upon the joyes of heaven; some upon contempt of the world; severall others upon divers other subjects; All opining, that some one is to bee chosen. For who so will *vivere sibi*, must *vacare Deo*. And a wise man saith. *Sapientia scribenda est in Tempore otii; Qui minoratur actu, Hec* cannot tend it.

Ego in meo solito recessu à negotiis publicis vacans, (which was but seldome) found it fruitfull, usefull, and delightfull,

Cogitare de Novissimo.

Quatuor sunt Novissima, say the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much employment, so many offices, so long practice in severall professions, (as every publike man is owing his abilities, cares and yeares to the

the service of his master.) I now thought it time to seize on death before it seized on mee.

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begotten devotion, then it applied it selfe to contemplation, which required a settlement upon some Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of Immortality? what so necessarie as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complied with my owne desires, and made choyce of Death and Immortality for the subject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I saw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evill, but Divines doe well dedicate Contemplation to holy Mysteries only.

We meditate to know God, wee contemplate to love God: when God himselfe had seene the things created in severall peeces, hee said, They were good:

But when hee considered the

Contemplatio Mortis,

universe, as it were in Contemplation, then he said, Lo, they were exceeding good. For Meditation considers her objects peece by peece, but Contemplation summes them all together, and sees, as in a glasse, all the severall beauties of Meditations Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as he that smells the Violet, the Rose, the Iasmine, and the Orange flowers dividually. (My Meditations of the Lord are sweet of themselves, saith David) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the Canticles, where the Spouse plaits up her haire, trussing it up in one knot, to shew that we should not diffuse our thoughts into variety of considerations, but collect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans soule being once affected, hardly shall hee obtaine leave of his thoughts to returne againe to imployments.

*Et ne ego multis occupatus sim, inveni
ipsi in merem incognitum:* (for the
old

old word is a true one) *nil profum³
lecta nec intellecta, nisi te ipsum legas
& intelligas.*

I therefore applyed my selfe ad
meum Novissimum, What man lixeth,
and shall not see death? And if after
death, *Iustus vix salvabitur*, we may
well bee fearfull, and had need bee
carefull that wee bee not taken un-
prepared.

Ite imparati in paratum,

Will one day bee a dolefull say-
ing.

When I was a young man, sai. h
Seneca, my care was to live well, I
then practised *Artem bene vivendi*.
When age came upon mee, I then
studied *Artem bene moriendi*; how
to dye well.

It is true, *Iter vite occupatio non
apparet nisi in fine*. Yet when I was
occupatissimus, hoc me dulci oblecta-
tione solatio, aliquando me victurum
nibi; hoping to have sweet leisure
to enjoy my ielfe at last.

And this I am now come to.

Disponendo, non mutando me.

The covenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wiseman, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sint lumbi praecincti,

Lucernae ardentes,

Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let me be found in this posture, when I shall be to die.

In the courses of my life I have had interchanges; the world it selfe stands upon vicissitudes: *Adversis & Prosperis contextuit Deus vitam meam*: When I first tooke me to a gowne, I put on this thought, *fortunam ut regiam appeto, non longam sed concinnam*, Fit for my condition; finding by others, that a contented kinde of obscurity kept a man free from envie: although any kinde of superiority be a marke of Envie; yet not to be so high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor so low as to be trodden on, was the height of my ambition. But I must confesse I have since had a greater portion of the worlds

worlds favour, than I looked for :
Attamen ego nunquam fortune credi-
di, etiam si videretur pacem agere.

To check repining at those a-
 bove me, I alwayes looked at those
 below mee ; Nor did any prefer-
 ments so delight me, or abuse mee,
 as to make mee neglect preparing
 for my dying day.

And now, I thanke God, I can
 say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum.

This I have considered, That,
Guttatim per horas & dies fuit vita :
 And although the houre bee not
 past till all the glasse be runne,

Et nemo multum ex Si illicidio po-
test perdere

Yet the glasse then runnes most
 faintly, when it drawes nearest to
 effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full
 busie about many things, but was
 well advised; There was only *unum*
necessarium :

One thing have I desired of the Lord,
 that I may dwell in his house for ever.

This

This was Davids unwar, and,
God willing, shall be mine.

Physicians exclaim, *Vita brevis,
Ars longa*: But Divines teach, *Ars
optima est, vivenda discere artem bene
moriendi*.

If this be to be begun when *pre
sens mors est*, Then the Sin-sicke
Soule will say, *Infelix ego homo, quis
me liberabit à corpore mortis hujus!*
But if thou hast learned it betimes,
it will then rejoyce to say,

*Mibi vivere Christus est, & mori
lucrum* :

Welcome death more blessed
than my birth.

I have ever thought the right
way to dye well, was, to live well :
And the way to live well in the
world, was to dye betimes to the
world.

*Mibi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego
Mundo*, yet I found it *Ram difficilem
in mundo vivere, & mundi bona con
temnere*. Therefore for assistance I
tooke to mee these three Coadju
tors, Faith, Hope, Charity, *Carita
tem*

tem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientia bona, Fidem non fictam: And for my soules health often used this preparative,

Examen Conscientiae meae.

Nam quicumque cordi habet salutem suam, let him every day, Morning & vespere, examine his heart, quid, nocte vel die precedente, Hath hee thought, Hath hee said, Hath hee done, Et in quo peccati labem invenerit, let him mend it, cum proposito efficacia, simili non peccare.

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur.*

Inter these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. First, what Death was, and the kindes of Death.

2. Secondly, what fears or joyes Death brings.

3. Thirdly, when Death is to be prepared for, and how.

4. Fourthly,

4. Fourthly, Death approaching,
what our last thoughts should be.



Of these things I thus resolved,

THAT D'E A T H was but a fall
which came by a fall. Our first
framed father *Adam* falling, in him
we all fell. It was not the man, but
mankind: *Cecidimus omnes*, saith
Saint Bernard, *super acerbum lapidem*
in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati sumus.
Therefore wee needed water
in Baptisme to wash us, Bloud in
the Eucharist to heale us, water of
Regeneration in bloud of expia-
tion. Natures perfection caught
fall when shee was young, as *Me-
phibosheth* did, whereof shee hath
halted ever since.

This falling sicknesse infected
not onely the person, but the na-
ture, (such is the infection of evill,
alwayes worse than the act) ma-
king man, that was immortall, sub-
ject to death.

Hec tristis & lacrymosa mutatio !

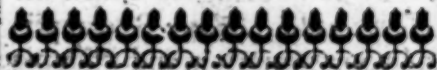
Notwithstanding, as wee now stand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our rise; The advantage we have by *Christ* being more than the losse we had by *Adm*: Redemption imports emption, and a buying backe of that which wee had lost. Wherefore, Man that had cause to sorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition: and as he is in *Christ*, not to change the Man for the Angell.

Proud Nature would faine reaspire to that it was. *Ideo qui stat, videat ne cadat.* For relapse may turn us againe to be as Birds and Beasts, who have no joy but being, no sorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himselfe miserable by sinning, Mercy made us mortall; *Ne in eternum essemus miseri.* Therefore wee have reason to account Mercy, as it releeves misery, to be the best vertue, though it worke upon the worst object.

Miseri-

Misericordia vicina est miseria.

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayest bee feared, saith the Prophet *David*.

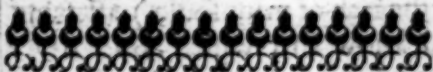


What Death is.

TO dye is to bee no more unhappie. If we consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, inlivened at first by breath cast upon it. Mors Timea est, saith Job; ex veste oritur Timea, ex corpore mors.*

It is but a point of time interjected betwixt two extremes; A parenthesis, which interposed breaks no sense, when the words meet againe. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid est mors?* he answered, *Aut finis est, aut transitus,* To dye or to sinne is not power but impotencie. The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors est eternus somnus, divitum pa-*
vor.

vor, pauperum desiderium. Plato said it was, *lex natura, tributum mortalium*. One term's it to be but the cessation of the Soules functions. O, saith Saint *Augustine*, that I could see Death, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, hast now made it ! As it hath the dominion of sin, it is the greatest Monarch, and the ancientest King of the world. Death hath reigned from *Adam* to *Moses*, saith Saint *Paul*, yet at last this King shall be conquered, The last enemy to be destroyed, is Death. O Death, I will be thy death, saith Christ.



The nature of Death.

What is the nature of it, few know, though all shall feele it. But that must needs be nothing that hath no cause efficient, but deficient: *Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil*. It hath no essence, it is no substance, but privation ; no creature,

creature, but *creaturarum sepultura*. Therefore curiously to search the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to see darknesse. God made it not, saith the Booke of *Wisdomes*, nor is it mentioned in any of his workes. God that made all things, saw that all things which hee had made were good: *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum est ens*. Therefore good Saint *Augustine* said surely, Lord, thou hast not made Death; wherefore, I beseech thee, suffer not that which thou hast not made, to yeigne over that which thou hast made. Yet it is no errour to say, that man made death, for Curiositie (the itch of mans soule) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evill of death) thinking it had bin good to know evill, by desiring to know it, made it. *Malum non dignoscitur nisi per bonum*.

Hee that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. But so divint a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keepe, but to impart) that we see

Inno-

Innocencie it selfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the soule looked at. And that as yet begets a studious scrutiny to discover things we can never know. By which wee see, that although Nature her selfe be moderate in her desires, yet conceit is unsatiable, mans braine will never leave working till his pulse ceases beating : neverthelesse no man knowes so much but it is through ignorance that he doth so ill ; *nam nemo sciens malus*, and as one saith well, there is now no feare of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practising too little, man is the son of desires. But since God hath revealed more than we can know, enough to make us happy, let us learne sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the naturall mans God ; but know thy selfe, O man, and then be proud if thou canst.

The



The Author of Death.

WHO then was the Author of Death? *Sal in celo, Sal in terra*: the two great regents, one in Heaven, the other on earth, yet neither of these produced it: who ever was the Father of it, Sin was the mother; for saith Saint *James*, *Sinne being finished*, travaileth in child-birth, like a mother, to bring forth Death, our grand mother *Eva* so named as mother of the living, yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, Sinne followes him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sinne Death enters. Every father is an *Adam* to his childe, conveighing corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Augustine* puts the Devill this question, *Satan, quare invidisti homini stanti, te cadente?* Death had no interest in man till sinne had dispossessed him of the free-hold he had in God. *There was*

no trust in Gods servants, saith Eli-
phaz, but even Angels were char-
ged with folly.

Therefore doe the Devill right,
he did but perswade, not compell :
it was in mans choyce to stand or
fall.

*Adam acceperat posse quod vellet,
non velle quod posset. Nos accepimus
& posse quod volumus, & velle quod
possumus ; Ille posse non mori, nos non
posse mori. Sic Augustinus.*

Power of standing, man had from
God, but possibility of falling from
himselſe. Therefore, though wee
may thanke our first parents for
our birth, sin ; yet we may thanke
our selves for improving it. Where-
fore the old *Letanie* said well, *A me
salva me, Domine.*

All mans vertues were given
him but in trust, and under a condi-
tion ; he abused the trust, and brake
the condition, so incurred the pe-
nalty. Such is mans nature, ever
subject to extremity, either dull in
want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne
moriemini* was a faire warning, but
he

he cared not for it. With men counsels are like faces, that which is faire, pleases. But had the minde governed the eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was faire to looke to. The proud aspiring thought was hatcht in man. The Devill was the promooter, Sin was the author, and we being partners in the sin, shared in the punishment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, equat.*

Sith then Death by sin stole in at the window, (for the eye, that sense of love, alwayes recoyles upon the heart, when it beholds that which is pleasing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to listen to ill counsel; Let us cast out sin by the eares, the sense of faith, in harkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.



The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Saint Iohn calls it a sleepe: *Amicus noster Lazarus dormit.* Of S. Stephen it

it was said, *When he had thus spoken*
he slept. The Patriarkes and Kings
of Judah are said to *leepe with their*
Fathers. *Man,* saith *Job,* *lyeth downe*
and riseth not. He shall not be awa-
ked out of his sleepe till the hea-
vens be no more. *Transitum ad vi-*
tam aliqui appellant mortem, saith
S. Bernard. *Sed ideo Scriptura dormi-*
entes appellat, ut evigilatos minime
desperemus : *He is not dead,* saith *Da-*
vid, *but sleepeth,* *whose flesh doth rest in*
hope.

Death is but a dormitory for a
day. Saint Pauls mystery is, *We shall*
not all sleepe, but wee shall all be chan-
ged. The night favours of mortali-
tie, and sleepe, that *Mors brevis,* is
but the shadow of death, and where
the shadow is, the body cannot be
farre off: *Umbra fugit sequentem,* *se-*
quitur fugientem. *Acquiratur terra*
procumbentibus.

Well said Saint Augustine, *In vi-*
ta vigilant justi, ideo in morte dicuntur
dormire.

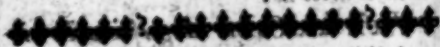
When God made a helper unto
man, he sent a sleep upon him. *Son-*

nium agrotantium, ut novimus salutis est indicium. It is Christs saying, If he sleepe he shall doe well.

But let it be *Mors à mortis* which our first parents tasted, or *Mors a mora*, which yet carries for us all, let her be stiled Lady, Mistresse of the world, that will not be courted, nor yet cast off; Yet is shee but *vix tantum*, a thing next to nothing, *solo timenda sono*.

Better is it called a transfiguration, or transmigration, from life by death to life againe: *Exitus, non Transitus; Transitus quem ire non intelleximus, transisse sentimus.*

The Grave is but a with-drawing roome to retire in, for a while, a going to bed to take rest sweeter than sleepe. And when it is time to rise, *Cum exurgiscam*, I then shall I be satisfied, saith the Prophet David.



Death common to all.

IN the meane time it is common
to all. *Mors etiam sacris nominibusque*

busque venit. All men must pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours: and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod gravissimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem fati consolaretur equalitas.* Who lives, and shall not see death? Only vertue stands exempt from death.

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead. Nay, even Christ himselfe, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himselfe, and became obedient to death. It is as naturall to dye, as to be borne; yet when we say a man dyes naturally, wee speake improperly; for a man dyes not as a beast, *per annihilationem Naturæ*, but *per statutum*; not by chance, course of nature, nor influence of Stars, but then and therefore because it is so appointed: *Statutum est omnibus semel mori*: Disease and Death know no faces. In the Grave all looke alike, Lazarus sores will make as good dust as *Jesabels* paint. It is the municipall Law of the earth, to die once; of Heaven, to live ever; of Hell, to dye for ever. *Omnes, Mo-*

rimur : Like *Jonas* Gourd, we come in a night, and are gone in a night : Wee come into the world with a sheet about us, no sooner borne, but going to be buried. *Seneca* sayes truly, we are borne crying, we live laughing, and dye sighing.

For all this man is even with Death. *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora est* : The good soule *egre fert has angustias*. Therefore what great thing doth death in hastening dayes ? This shews infirmity, rather than power. Age doth more ; *Nil enim non longa demolitur vetustas* ; Death only shortens time, not life : for lifes time shortens by lengthening. *Morimur, quod mortibus vivimus : morieris, non quia egrotas, sed quia vivis*.

But this all men are to know,

That *Mortis meritum* is *Peccati debitum* ; both imposed on man for sinne.



Life but a dying Death.

Sith then it is a statute made in Heaven, *Omnibus semel mori*, and that life is so momentany, death so certaine; *Splendemus licet, Hec quam cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Man, saith the Prophet *Jeremie*, fades like a leafe, and sinne like a wind takes him away. Be the time of mans re-prive never so long, dye he must. And since life it selfe is no true living, but a dying being, and such a being as every day pants for breath, which Nature fans upon it for a while: And since death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens comming unto us, *abitus non obitus*: How can a man but thinke it a well-spent life, alwayes to bee meditating upon Death?

But, saith *Xenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes?* I will not enquire, nor require more of Death but Death. *Erras enim qui*

*interrogas, Quid sit mors, & propter
quod mortem petam? Queris enim ali-
quid supra summum.*

This I am sure of, All mans hap-
pinesse here is his holinesse, and his
holinesse shall hereafter be his hap-
pinesse.



Life after Death.

BUt if a man dye, shall he live a-
gaine? yes, saith Saint Paul, *We*
that are in this Tabernacle, sigh, and are
burthened, because we would not be un-
clothed, but clothed upon, that mortalitie
might be swallowed up of life.

Phoenix sponte crematur,

Ut redeat, proprioque solet pubescere
litho.

Sic tu corpus coactum.

Disce, mutata melior procede figura.

The brightest dayes dye into
darke nights, but rise againe a mor-
nings

nings: Though the body sleepe a while in dust, yet shall it rise againe after thy likenesse. *As for me, saith David, I will behold thy face in righteousness, and I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likenesse.* And thus saith holy Job, *Though my flesh be all consumed to bones, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones, can revive them, and couple them againe with sinewes, and clothe them with flesh.* The soule which departed for a season, shall, as *S. Paul* said of *Onesimus*, Come againe, and be received for ever. The graine cast into the earth, after a frost-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which was sowne a naturall bodie, shall rise a spirituall. Sow in teares, reape in joy. Who so goeth forth weeping, carrying precious seed, shall returne with joy, and bring their sheaves with them.

Thus we see God will bee in no mans debt: Seeke God, and prosper.

Yet for all this, *Caro ista pulveries*, this clod of earth must lye a while in dust, *Sed resurget tandem*, as a *Queenes daughter*, all glorious within.

For if in this life holiness maketh the face of a man to shine, by an irradiation from the heart, what shall bee the beauty of the body glorified! surely though it bee not deified, yet shall it bee purified, perfected, and immortalized; Our vile bodies shall bee changed, and fashioned like his glorious body. Such Glory have all his Saints.

If then the change be such, who would not be willing, yea, glad to dye? *All the dayes of mine appointed time, saith Job, I will watch till my changing shall come.*

Nil minus est hominis occupati, quam vivere; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mibi vivere non licet. It is a good minde in a man, to be content to dye, and willing to live: But to be willing to dye, and content to live, is the minde of a strong Christian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus:

Ipse metus te noster amat.

Death

♦♦♦♦♦ S ♦♦♦♦♦

Death desirable for three respects.

CHristus non ignarus vel quam misera esset hac vita, vel quam optabilis preciosa mors, vitam fastidiebat, mortem vero exoptabat. When the Senator Cato was asked a question concerning death, Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repuerascam, valde recusem: nec tum me vixisse permitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori, quia ex hostio, non domo, discedam.

Could we as innocently wish our owne death, as the Saints doe the day of Judgement, we might safely desire it (for who can blame the desire of advantage?) But ill circumstances vitiate our desires; collaterall respects to our owne ease, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefes, discontentments, and the like, these commonly beget such a wish in us. Elias himselfe was so impatient of discontenta, as he fate him downe under a Juniper tree, desiring that he might die, say-

ing, It is enough now, O Lord; take away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers.

It is the saying of the Preacher, Death is not to be sought in the error of youth, yet for some respects it may be desired.

Portus est aliquando petendus, nunquam recusandus.

1. As first, that so we may betimes leave off to sinne: Since sin lives in us, and leaves us not till death. *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, nihil ei divinius: If the soules under the Alas cry, Usque quo, Domine?* If they sollicite for the day of Judgement, why not I for my day of Death, since deaths day is but the Eve of Gods day? Zenon said, I have no feare but of old age.

2 Secondly, the soule that soon departs, *faciliter ad superos iter facit, quia minus fecit ponderisque traxit.* And what's the distance twixt life and death? So little, as with the Ancients, the Embleme of life was *oculus apertus; Mortis, clausus, non extinctus: nec plus interesse putaverunt inter*

inter mortem & vitam, quàm ictum oculi. Men is only a wink of life, his life and death joynd as neere as joy and grieve; where teares (the limbecke of the Heart) expresse both.

3 Thirdly, that so wee might the sooner come to live indeed, bee in *Patria*, where now we are but in *via*. Present life is not *vita*, sed *via ad vitam*. For which cause, saith *S. Bernard*, *Præcipitat quisque vitam suam, futuri desideria laborat, præsentium tædio*. For when we cease to be men, we begin to be as Angels.

Yet it is a wonder to see how we love the present, and lesse esteem the future.

Men doe commonly say, There is *nullam tempus præter nunc*; let that be true in time, yet it holds not in Divinity; For man must chiefly minde his soule. The present is not that which contents the soule; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus requiescit*: They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soule looks

beyond this life; *Scrutatur quod ultra mundum. Futura & præterita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione.*

Who so feeles not a desire in his soule of something beyond this life, is not settled in the point of immortality of the soule: for in every supernatural man there is imprinted an undeterminable desire of more than present life can yeeld. Therefore we do not determine our contentment in things present, but expect future things, more and greater than here we are capable of.

Speranti grandia, mediocria sunt ingrata. All things tend to their centre, the stones tossed from the earth borrow wings to their waighthy nature to descend beneath where they have their looke: rivers are touched with amorous curiosity to revisite their mother the Sea, the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witnesse they burne but with desire onely of joyning themselves with their first beginning.

Heaven is our Centre, why should not we be ravished to be there to
joyne

joyne as Atoms to their unity, and
as rayes to the body of their light?
To shew us the way frō aloft, those
torches of the night gallantly shew
us their twinckling baies, they
shine not to us but to shew us the
way of their Azure vaults, as being
the only place of our repose.



The Soules excellencie.

BUt what is this Soule that so
delights in futures? Though it
be shapelesse and immateriall, yet it
would make a man heavenly proud
to contemplate of how divine a na-
ture, quality and essence it is! *Dei-*
ficatur Anima, If thee be considered
in her essentiality: *Secundum for-*
mam est Deus, secundum materiam est
Anima, saith S. Bernard. Her ama-
tive vertues unite her to God, all
vertues else to her. Therefore saith
Saint Ambrose, *Quàm pulchra es, O*
Anima, peccata destruendo? Pulchrior
mundum contemplando? Pulcherrima,
Deo ammosè adhaerendo?

Shee

Shee partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the soule;

Faciamus hominem ad similitudinem nostram.

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the soule, yet it is but her drudge: Christians say of the soule, that's the man; the body is but the case: Heathens could say, The soule was *divine particula aurea*. Some wil have it, a spirit mixt of Fire and Aire; Others, a self-moving number; Seneca saith, *Quid aliud est anima quam Deus in corpore humano hospitans?* Never any could give it such a definition, that either another, or himself could conceive it, And no wonder, for it selfe cannot conceive the owne selfe-excellencie, because it suffered a composure before it selfe was. *Trismegistus* saith, the Soale is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortall. It was the life of breath that gave it the breath of life: Therefore admiration rather than search, be-

becomes a man in such a secret : yet so good is God to man, that where- in we cannot reach him, he com- monly descends to us. Tully said, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi pos- tuit, animas, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere ; cum exissent ex iis, emori.* Saint Bernard saith better, *A- nima non exiit formam nativam, sed superinduit peregrinam; illa addita, ista non perdita.* And yet this spirituall essence of the soule was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it should not grow proud, as those Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worship the great God of this little god, my soule, *Et ne plus ultra.* For this is an inqui- sition, fitter for Angelicall intelli- gence, then mans shallow capacity.

Onely this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a rea- sonable soule : of creatures, the lowest ranke have no life, the next no essence, the third no reason ; none but man hath grace ; nor is there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for
the

the sustentation of his soule. *Anima enim non est instar Camelionis, ut pascatur vento*, it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. She is *ita generosa*, as nothing but that *summum bonum* will satisfie her. Saint *Augustine* in a comparative betwixt things temporall and eternall, saith thus, We love things temporall before wee have them, more than when we have them, because the soule when she hath them cannot be satisfied with them; but things eternall, when they are actually possessed, are more loved than when but desired; for neither faith could beleeve, nor hope expect so much as charity shall finde when eternitie comes in possession. There is no soule in the world, how happy soever it thinkes it selfe here, but points its prehensions beyond what he possesses here.

Hee that contemplates these things, will beare himselfe too loftily, and thinke himselfe too good to looke so low as to these sublu-
nary things, hee will despise these

vilia

vilia terra as ludibria mundi.

*Angustus est animus quem terrena
delectant, Man onely admires,
magnalia cæli.*

How then can this beauty be
pleased to inhabite long *contuber-*
nio ista? Bring my soule out of Prison,
saith David, that I may praise thee.

Non sum ubi nunc sum, saith the
Soule.

As for the body, all it cares, is
but sepulture: for although the
carkasse be insensible of any posture
or position, yet honest sepulture is
a blessing. That body which had
the honour to bee the Temple of
such a guest as the Holy Ghost, de-
serves this favour,

But because many times the hou-
ses of the dead, and the urned bones
doe meet with foule hands, for this
also Nature hath provided, *Ut di-*
fertè ait Mæcenat, Nec tumulum
quæro.

Sepelit natura relictos.

It is one of the petitions of eve-
ry good soule.

Adve-

*Adveniat Regnum tuum, Thy
kingdome come, O Lord; yet saith
Saint Augustine, Hoc nitimur & re-
luſamur. Quis non gemens, quis non
recusans exit? Quis cum acceſſerit,
non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?*



Mans croſſe Nature.

IN all things elſe obſerve how
contrarily we carry our ſelves;
The labourer from his worke ha-
ſtens to his bed; The Mariner
rowes hard to gaine the Port, The
Traveller is glad when he is with-
in kenning of his Inne; yet wee,
when death comes to put us into
our port, ſhun it as a Rocke, we
feare what we ſhould wiſh, and
wiſh that we ſhould feare.

*O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo tem-
pore quo exilium ſuum Bruto approba-
vit, quam quo Populo Romano Con-
ſulatum.*

Mans



Mans better choyce.

HEare, O Christian, what the
Pagan saith,

Quid ni non timeat qui mori sperat?
It is harder to make a true Philo-
sopher patient of life, than of death.

*Hic spe mortis patienter dolet,
E: tadio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta, mors tarde venia.*

Therefore said S. Paul, *I am in a
straight betwixt two, whether to live
in the flesh were profitable for mee, and
which to chuse, I wot not. Yet at last
resolved, Live or dye, Christ was to
him advantage: Therefore to be loo-
sed and to bee with Christ, was best
of all.*

Till then, God grant,
That I may have *vitam in patien-
tia, mortem verò in desiderio.*

So shall I fulfill my course with
joy; Life not deare, nor Death
grievous.

Life



Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wise men,
 great men, and vaine men, had
 death in such estimation, and so un-
 dervalued life, as they fondly said,
 Had man beene worthy to know
 what life was, before he received it,
 he would have beene loth to accept
 it. *Nemo vitam acciperet, si daretur*
scientibus. Life would have kept us
 in slavery, but that death freed us.
 The Heathen gods held death to
 be mans *summum bonum.* Therefore
Trophonius, when he had built and
 dedicated that goodly Temple at
Delphos, asked of *Apollo* for his re-
 compence, that thing which was
 best for man; The Oracle bade him
 goe home, and within three dayes
 he should have it, within which
 time he died. They counted death
 but the retrait of life, *Optimum na-*
tura inventum: For by it every man
 might make himselfe happie, no
 man

man be longer miserable than he will, *Placetne vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reverti unde venisti.* They thought no state miserable, but that which death could not remedie: wherefore, say they, A wise man lives but so long as he should, not so long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we should desire it more than now we feare it; *Phocion* in *Athens* being condemned to dye, the Executioner refused to doe his office, unlesse he had twelve *Drachmas* paid him in hand: *Phocion* ne mora fieret morti, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet. Magistra rerum Ratio taught them, that common safety lay in death, *Et invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.* Life was subject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui scit mori, nil posse fortunam.* This made them cherish these desperate conceits, *nil referre, faciatne suam an recipiat;* Thinking it bravery to use mischief for a remedy. Though
life

life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud est quam velle*, in which respect no man could complaine of life, *Quia neminem tenet*. If any man did complaine, this was their wish, *Mors utinam pavidos visa subducere nollit, Sed virtus hanc sola daret*. In scorne some said, *Ego ne expectent, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominum, cum possim medio exire tormento & adversa discutere?* But their bravest conceit was worse, that it was *genus mortis generosum*, for a man to be author of his owne death. If it be permitted to desire death, why is it ill to give it to themselves? *Sed fitor est, ne mori are, mori.*

To maintaine by reason, as well as courage, this was their assertion. Death was naturall, therefore welcome any way, *vivere noluit, qui mori non vult*: He is sorry that he was a man, that is not glad to dye. It is inevitable, therefore we must be resolute. *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non potest*. Fooles flie it, o'd men attend it, wise men wish it.

Nay,

Nay, some so prided themselves in this way, that for care, feare, or grieſe, they would not dye: *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, nor yet for feare: *Stultum est timore mortis mori*: nor yet through threats of torments: *Sic mori vinci est. Sed si ceperat suspecta esse fortuna, si multa occurrebant, molesta, tranquillitatem turbantia*; Then it was fortitude to dispatch them, how, or with what, it mattered not:

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto securitatis constat, said Seneca when he bled to death.

Cato will dye, because the Common-wealth declined: *Nerva*, because the lawes were not kept: *Silvianus*, because he would not live at the mercy of his enemy: *Lucretia* to cover a dishonour: Thus may folly doe that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are these Disputers of the world, saith Saint Paul? Others thought

thought death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Justice tooke it. For defence of a mans Countrey, Lawes, or Religion, men might *ponere animas suas*; but not for ostentation, or in discontentment.

Bona res est mori sua morte.

Yet some will dye for wantonnesse, if they want their wils.

Life was given to manage to the utmost. Having but the use of our lives, wee are bound to husband them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centinel, and not to leave the place till his Captaine call him off

Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet.

That death was best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly prevent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

It

It is not enough to dye with a Roman courage, nor to be as resolute as *Cato*, who told *Cesar*, he feared his pardon more than the pain hee threatned; nor yet that the cause of death be just; but it must be also necessary, unsought, inevitable.

But let goe this discourse, my Contemplation lyes another way.

Only this let me say, Divines need not be ashamed to weare the Jewels and the Eare-rings of *Aegyptians*: they are in many things so full of lustre, and so excellent.

Man in this world lives by appointment, and God for his owne purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that feare not so much to be dead, as to dye. *Affiduo variatur Homo per adversa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur.*

To labour not to dye, is labour in vaine. To live without feare of death, is to dye living: *Strena vite est mare mortuum.* *Mordecai* said to *Hester*, Canst thou be so vainly timo-

timorous, as to dye for feare of death?

This let a wise man doe, *Quod necesse est, ne timeat; Quod incertum est, semper expectet.* But he neither teares nor feesles death, that hath his hopes in heaven.

Zenon was wont to say, There was no Happinesse but Life, it introducing eternitie, no unhappinesse but living long, it prolonging misery: for the best condition of it was but a varietie of vanitie; wherefore, as life was welcome, so age was to him fearfull; the most afflicted men draw comforts from the hope of death: Therefore

Seeke not consolation against death, but let death be thy consolation; Comforter is his Name: In death there is comfort against death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus;* But to make death easie, look thorow death at glory, thinke not so much of death, as of the glory that followes it: at the worst, *Mors non aufert vitam, sed in melius transfert;* life gives way to death, and makes

makes way for it. If it be sharpe for the time, *Puer es, si nō uis manere insanus, quā medicinā sustinere amarā*; A man will easily swallow a bitter pill to gaine health. The Physician helps us not without paine, and yet we reward him for it. Job saith of Death, *from six troubles it deliuereth, & in septima, that is, at point of death, non tanget te malum.* Weeping may endure for a night, but joy commeth in the morning. fit your selfe for it, and you will neuer feare it; doe by it as you doe in other things; when you would goe to sleepe, you put off your cloathes, you draw the Curtaines, put out the Candle, and goe to bed: Thus as it were ading sleepe, before you goe to sleepe: so adresse your selfe to death, and then as a Father saith,

Eris somnus dilectis initium refrigerii.

Scala Montis, Ianna uita, Ingressus in Tabernaculum.

Bring your selfe acquainted with
C death,

death, that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hostis, sed ut hospes*; not as a foe, but as a friend; not as a stranger, but as a guest that you had long looked for; and bid welcome death more blessed than your birth.

Thus did Salomon upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crowne. What a griefe then is it to see great men in these dayes build houses of that strength and stand; as if they should alwayes live, and yet so live, as if they had but mortall soules? Like the old Romans, who thought eternitie dwelt in Statues and in marble Monuments. *Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis; Cain vero edificavit civitatem in terra, sed perdidit Caelum. I dwell in Cedars, but Gods Arke remains under Curtaines, was Davids griefe.*

It is good counsell: *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut possis eam sors tulerit, illi letus & alacriter obuiam exire.* Though death bee terrible, yet innocencie is bold.

As the thought of death daunts

an

an ill liver; So it makes a good
 many *Humilior, cautiior, & cordatior*:
 Yet doe not as the Duellists and
 Gallants of the time doe, goe into
 the field to seeke death, and finde
 Honour: Swift *Asahel*, had hee
 gone but slowly, might have o-
 vertaken death, but he runs to fetch
 it: So doe Combatants in these
 dayes, *Ubi infelix victoria cum vi-*
ctor succumbit vitio: nam aut morieris
pro homicidio, aut vivis homicida:
 Nor doe not as the wits of the time
 doe, put a scorne upon death; and
 to be accounted good company,
 dare abuse God, despite death, and
 talke prophanely; yet no man for
 offending good fellowship, must
 reprove them: To be bitterly wit-
 tie in invectives, pleases; and to
 have braine enough to be a *Tymon*,
 seemes a jolly thing: but in these
 cases saith Saint *Augustine*, it is a
 fault not to find fault. *Nam quemad-*
modum malus sermo ducit in peccatum,
sic silentium relinquit in peccato; A
 man may be mannerly in the forme,
 but must be round in the matter;

For a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendship, than by a round reproofe of his friend upon such an occasion.

One saith well, Sin doth ill in the eye, but worse in the tongue: I know not, saith another, whether the maintenance of the least evill, be not worse than the commission of the greatest, for this may be of frailty, that argues obstinacie. Likewise prophane speeches how sharpe soever are ever hatefull to a good eare; wherefore play not the wanton with *beaven*, take no part with wit against godlinesse; such aire poisons goodnesse, brings sadnesse at the last.

Seneca observing that ill men in their conversation, and good men in their prayers made over-bold with God, gave this counsell, So deale with men as if God saw thee; so speake to God, as if men heard thee: But say the good fellowes of the world, *Offendatur Deus, ne contristetur amicus*, Let us enjoy our selves; to what else serves the fulnesse

ness of our fortunes? but he coun-
sels better that saith, *Temperanda*
est felicitas mundi meditatione mortis,
ut vinum aqua dilutum, such an al-
lay prosperity requires.

To this end good *Joseph* built
his Sepulchre in his garden; *Saul*
is no sooner annointed King, but
was sent to *Rachels* sepulchre; some
Philosophers had their graves al-
wayes open before their gates, that
going out and coming in, they
might alwayes thinke of death:
For in life they found comforts
to bee rare, crosses frequent,
pleasures momentany, pains perma-
nent.

In this world we are all *Beniamines*,
the sonnes of sorrow; the way to
heaven, is by weeping-crosse. The
Calendar tells us, wee come not
to Ascension day, till the passion
weeke be past.

Hi motus animorum atque hac
certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa
quiescent.

It is observed that most of other creatures live long, but dying perish all to nothing; Therefore some complaine of nature that shee hath given too long a life to a Raven, and too short a life to a man. Man that is short-lived, yet he dying, lives eternally; Thinke but of this, and you will thinke as Saint Bernard did, that life were little better than hell, were it not for the hope of heaven.

Surely Christ would not have dyed, but that we may dye in safety; he by death in death, delivered us from death.

And did Christ dye for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore desire to live long from him. Who would not goe out of himselfe to goe to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to be loth to goe to God. All men goe willingly to see him whom they love. Our brother Joseph liveth; therefore though with Jacob I cannot say, I will goe see him before I dye; Yet, Lord let me die,

die, that I may see him whom my soule loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not; For since *Adams* fall none passes unto Paradise but by burning Seraphins. We cannot goe out of *Ægypt*, but thorow the Red Sea. These children of Israel before they came to Hierusalem, tooke in their way the valley of Teares, and crossed the swift river Jordan, before they came to the sweet waters of Siloam. Pleasures may hinder; For even that good Saint *Augustine* was once of the minde, that he would not leave present pleasures for future hopes; but afterwards said with sorrow, *Pudeat vivere in deliciis, cum Christus vixit in periculis.* *Moses* when he came of yeares, refused to be called the son of *Pharaohs* Daughter, chusing rather to suffer affliction with Gods children, than to enjoy the pleasures of sinne for a season. Prosperous for-

tunes many times hinder a cheerefull dying, but this petulant world must be left. The vaine pride of man befooles him, and easily carries him to ridiculous affectations : But conscience of sin must not be exchanged for the sense of pleasure. To labour in conquering vice is the greatest pleasure we should take. The holy man exclaimes, *O quam multi sunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt !* Every sense about us, upon the least temptation, is a traytour to the soule. The body it selfe, if you set too high a price upon it, will make a cheape soule. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria :* A man may be as happie in Ruffet as in Tissue, and he is an unhappie man, whose outside is his best side ; vile is Nature in her best dresse. It was good counsell of the Preacher, Care not for glorious apparell, but apparell your selfe with glory. A spruce Roman, riding on a leane Jade, was asked by the Centor his reason ; he answered, *Ego curo meipsum, Statim*

verò

verò equum; I looke to my selfe, but
my man to my horse. So vaine men
looke to their bodies, looke who
list to his soule. *Dominam ancilla-*
re & ancillam dominare abusu est,
saith *Stella*.

Also high fortunes lead men to
strange fashions; but if we would
be of the Court of Heaven, we must
fashion our selves as the Country-
man doth, who when he comes to
Court, soone shakes off his clown-
ish tricks, and gets a civill behavi-
our: *Mundum cum suis frivolis,* a
good man must contemne.

If you would live well, live in
awe of all eyes, and especially take
heed where you live, for the very
place of pleasure is dangerous; In
Paradise *Adam* could not be inno-
cent, but out of Paradise he was a
good man. *Adam* was set upon in
Paradise, *Job* on the dunghill; yet
Job was fortior in stercore, quam *A-*
dam in Paradiso; We are no *Da-*
uids now adayes, therefore let us
not be too venturous: *David* when
he had seene the magnificencie and

state of Court, yet thought never
 the worse of his retired life, but
 loved his hooke the better : And
 when afterwards he came from kee-
 ping Sheepe to be a Shepherd of
 men, he changed his state without
 change of his disposition: but this
 is not our condition now adayes;
 we are more for our sheepe than our
 soules. Man is the son of desires:
 but judge not of things by the face
 of things, for life and death have
 deceiveable vizards; under the faire
 face of life lurkes griefe, under the
 foule feature of Death (which is
 but fancie) lyes felicitie; Take off
 the mask, and you wil change your
 minde; loath that you loved, and
 love that you loathed.

*Vita habitu casto cum non sit casta,
 videtur;*

*Mors præter cultum nil meretricium
 habet.*

The



The kindes of Death.

THe kindes of Death as of life are two; one bodily, the other spirituall:

Bodily life is the conjunction of body and soule, bodily death is the separation of body and soule. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life, The first in this life when Christ lives in him; The second, when his body returnes to earth, and his soule to God that gave it: The third, at the end of the world, when body and soule re-ynited shall enjoy heaven:

So likewise a wicked man hath three degrees of death; Dead in sin while he lives, Dead in soule when he dyes; Dead in body and soule, when both shall be adjudged and condemned.

Malis fit mors sine morte,

Fine

Finis sine fine.

Defectus sine Defectu.

*Quia mors vivit, finis semper incipit,
& deficere defectus nescit.*

On the other side, to the faithfull Death is but the finishing of his mortification and burying of his sin.



Freedom of Death.

THe freedoms wee have by Death are many.

1 First, from all worldly Injuries. Here good men doe but live and suffer; *Bene agere, & male pati*, that's their portion; Sufferings are greater trials than actions, but they prepare to happinesse: It is good for me that I have been afflicted, saith *David*.

*Non sentire mala, non esset homini;
non ferre, non esset viri.* But what are

mo-

momentany afflictions to an eternall weight of glory?

2 Secondly, it ends all: Misery is a privative good, putting a period to all ill: Man in misery, saith *Job*, longs for Death, and digs for it, more than treasure; *Mors finis est, non pœna*: nay, saith one, *Nec finis, nec pœna*; *bonis lex est, non pœna perire*. It is another *Moses* unto man, delivering him out of bondage and making *Bricke* in *Ægypt*.

It ends sins, not life; it reformes, but doth not destroy nature:

Vitiorum est Sepultura, virtutum Resurrectio.

3 Thirdly, it frees from all corporall infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio.

Life it selfe is a disease, and we die by corruption of humours, whether they be of body or manners; who so thinkes to heale all infirmities with an easier plaister than death, *Delinimenta potius quàm remedia podagra sua ponit.*

4 Fourth-

4 Fourthly, it frees us from all bodily labours: Man is the subject of the earth by labour, of heaven by suffering. The *Spirit* saith, *Blessed are they that dye in the Lord, they rest from their labours.* *Adeo iuvat occupatum mori:* Here I have labour without rest: There I shall have rest without labour. In this Rest, perfect Tranquillity; in this Tranquillity, Contentment; in this Contentment, Joy; in this Joy, Variety; in this Variety, Security; in this Security, Eternity; So to Rest, to Rise, to Reigne, what more to be wished?

5 Fifthly, it eases us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries est anime*, Refection to the soule; Were we but in a throng, we would thinke that man at ease who gets out first. *Noah*, when he had beene tossed but a yeare upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a glad-some place; so likewise miserable man after many wearisome yeares tossed up and downe the world as in a troubled sea, will be glad of death,

death, as of Mount Ararat, a resting place for his tyred soule.

Old Chancers Epitaph is a good one:

Mors arummarum requies.

The long sicke man wrote up-
on his grave-stone, *Hic ero sanus.*

In Warres we often releee the
Watch. Life is a Warfare, yet hath
no releefe but Death.

6 Lastly, Death doth us not the
least pleasure in freeing us from
phantasmes and vaine pleasures:
Periculatur enim castitas in deliciis,
Pacta in negotiis. Veritas in multilo-
quio, Charitas in seculo.

And yet some pleasures may stand
with innocency; For God loves to
see his creatures happy, but com-
monly, the pleasures of the body
are the paysons of the soule: a man
smothered in Roses meets with
Death, though in sweetnesse; *De-*
licat enim mentes enervat felicitas:
In vaine mirth there is no true joy;
nor yet gladnesse in laughter: Nam
res est severa verum Gaudium: The
only

only object of true joy is God. In the multitude of sorrowes that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed mee, and doe delight my soule, saith David.

Delight in pleasures, and you shall finde your greatest pleasures become your bitterest paines.

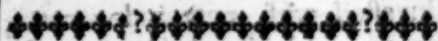
Miser homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet.

But cherish that Synteresis, the naturall power in the soule, and that will stirre you up to a cheerefulnesse in goodnesse: *Ne quaras Deum in hortis & pascuis deliciarum: Moses cum invenit in spinis & asperitate vita.*

A man whose soule is conversant with God, shall find more pleasure in the desert and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affaires of Nature; even Princes must dye; *I have said you are gods but you shall dye like men.*

The



The benefits by Death.

THE benefits that come by Death : Fulnesse of Grace which here we have but in part ; *Vivere velint homines ut perfecti sint, mori volunt & perfecti sint.* Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, there we shall have *Pretium*. *Sedete à dexteris*, will be our welcome. Here mans regeneration is never accomplished : by death it is fully perfected.

Secondly, perfection of Glory : now I know but in part, but then I shall know as I am knowne : now I see darkly, as in a glasse, then shall I see face to face. There shall be new Heavens, new Earth ; the world shall be made better, not nothing. *Suscipit enim meliorationem, non interitum* : Old things are passed away, behold, saith St. Paul, all things are become new. There shall be no more an Infant of dayes, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes, saith Esay, The Heavens

Heavens you behold shall be superinvested with new indowments, made everlasting habitations for the Saints departed, *Erimus participes, non tantum spectatores gloria,* Enjoy with these eyes *visionem illam beatificam*, Joy unspeakable, and this joy, saith Saint Iohn, No man shall take from you.

Thirdly, inseparable fellowship with Christ: *They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth*, There we shall be married to him, here we be but contracted; *Desponsata te mihi*, saith the Prophet. Those favours and love-tokens I have here received, doe but inflame, not satisfy: And these I am willing to part with, lest they should make me loth to depart to him that gave me them.

Meretricius est amor, plus annulum quam sponsam amare.

Lastly, it brings me where I would be; into my owne Countrey, into Paradise, where I shall meet, not as in the Elixiums of the Poets, *Caton*, *Scipiones* & *Scevola's*; But *Abraham*,

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Patriarchs my fathers, the Saints my brothers, the Angels my friends; my wife, children, and kinsfolkes that are gone before me, and doe attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as Saint Paul saith; we are met in Mount Sion the City of the living God, and the celestiall Jerusalem, in the company of innumerable Angels; where things that eye hath not seene, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God.

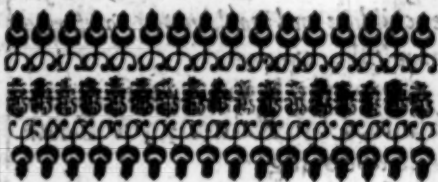
Therefore I will say, *Lord, when shall I come and appeare before thee? Like as the Hart panteth for the water brooks; so pants my soule for thee; O God: I had rather be a doore-keeper in thy house, than dwell here, though in chambers of pleasure: and know this, that Glory followes Grace; if little Grace be here, lesse will be the Glory hereafter.*

Touching

Therefore I will say, Awake, when
I shall come and appear before
thee? Ask what I have to say
to thee? I have to say, that
at thy call, thou shalt rise, though
in chains of pleasure; and know
that the Glory follows Grace; if
thou shalt believe, thou shalt
be saved.

Therefore I will say, Awake, when
I shall come and appear before
thee? Ask what I have to say
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that the Glory follows Grace; if
thou shalt believe, thou shalt
be saved.

Touching



Touching the second general Division.

I.

*The Feares or Ioyes that
Death brings.*

The feares of Death.

Imor est dolor, *The King of
feares is Death; For no-
thing is absolutely fear-
full, but what tends to
death. The living dogge, saith Salo-
mon, is better than the dead Lion. The
bassest life excells the best bare be-
ing. Naturally men feare Death,
because it ends being, which Na-
ture would preserve. Omnis dolor
surgit*

furgit ab amore : Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted because they were not.

Very not being is sufficiently abhorred by Nature ; yet Death ends not being.

Christians were wont to be of that courage that they feared nothing but sinne ; *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Christum.* But why should a man feare death that doth but restore him to him that made him ? *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet ; sed si sperare desideras, desine timere.* Feares, as all passions, doe disquiet the heart : Yet just feare breeds but care ; and feare mixt with faith, solicates unto goodnesse : but distrustfull feare, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtfull.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec sperant ; These men are desperate : Goe on, and shut up a carelesse life with a disconsolate death. Feare of death is commonly the effect of an evill life. Feare vice specially inage, lest the nearer you come

come to death, the farther you goe
from life. The *Convert* said well,
Periissem nisi periissem.

It is true, the name of Death to
most is fearfull; Yet *Pompa mortis*
magis terret quam ipsa mors. Grones,
Convulsions, discoloured faces,
these shew Death terrible; because
God loves at first to make way for
himselfe by terrour, but at last con-
veyes himselfe to us in sweetnesse.
And what trouble can the feare
breed, when that which is feared is
a favour?

That *Philosopher* is not to be fol-
lowed, who to prepare himselfe
the better for Death, did set forth
death most fearfully: nor yet is that
Emperour to be praised who so lit-
tle esteemed death, as he dyed in a
complement.

The feare of Death, is worse
than the paines of Death: *Ti-
mor mortis, ipsa morte peior*; Be-
cause feare of Death kills us often,
where Death it selfe can doe it
but once. And when that is done,
saith *Job*, the *Wounds will forgive*
thee,

thee, and the wormes feed sweetly on thee.

There is nothing more miserable or foolish than alwayes to feare.

The *Philosopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitternesse, men would run to it with desire and indiscretion.

Ergo mortem concupiscentes, & timentes a quæ objurgat Epicurus.

It is true, Life would not be troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much feare; because feares betray, cares disorder those succours which reason would afford to both: But he is more sorrowfull than is necessary, that is sorrowfull before there be necessity. Nor will I ever think my soule in good case, so long as I feare to thinke of dying. When the Prince of Life was under the Arrest of Death, then Deaths seeming victory was terrible: But now, O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?

Feares multiply evils, Faith diminishes them; yet most men wllh,

ut mors potius semel incidat, quam semper impendeat, because nothing is so painfull as to dwell long under the expectation of some great evill. Of themselves, paines of Death are only throwes of travell that bring forth joyes in suffering paines.

Absolvitur anima, resolvitur corpus; gaudet quod absolvitur, quod resolvitur non sentit.

The Heathen man could say, *Non ego pœnas esse quibusdam post mortem; sed quid ad mortem, quid post mortem?* If there be any feares in Death, *Quare juvenes non timeant fieri senes?* But it is the nature of feare, to make dangers greater, helps lesse than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his deare and only son was dead; *Scio*, said he, *me genuisse mortalem.* The sons condition satisfied the fathers passion.

There is no such gentle removall of griefes, or life's discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that man either live at ease, or yet

contentedly, that lives continually in feare of Death. *Nil in morte metumus, si nihil timendum vita nostra commisit.* Never feare what you shall suffer when you are dead, if you have not deserved it while you lived.

In learning to live, study how to dye. We take great care to bestow our time well while we live; but he leeses all his time, that knowes not how to end his time.

Nescire mori miserimum.

Socrates de morte disputabat usque ad ipsam. When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they settled themselves to sleepe: when they awaked, and found themselves upon the stroke of execution, all they said was, *Vita supplicio data est, mors remedio.* Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortall wounds made the Sufferers Immortall,

Vivere non potest, qui mori non audet.
There

There is no man so valiant as the
belcever.

It was a proverb amongst the
Heathens, *Soli Christiani mortis con-*
temptores.

Zeno's word was, *Difficile est ho-*
minem coare, but off he must.

It is true, feare of Death (as a
tribute due to Nature) is a weak-
nesse; yet feares be not alwayes ill
symptomes before death, nor in
death. At that instant Nature will
reluct to keepe still her being, unto
which death is repugnant, life plea-
sing.

But neither life nor being are a-
like to all men: To an ill man the
best had beene, not to have beene,
Non nasci optimum; His next best
were, to live long: It was ill with
him that he was borne, worse that
he must dye. Therefore not being
sure of a better life, he would faine
make much of this. He is consci-
ous to himselfe, that this dying life
will bring him to a living death;
yet thinkes, *Dum spiro, spero*; and
so flutters *inter mortis metum, & vitæ*

tormentum, nolit vivere, & nescit mori.

A good-man is otherwise minded, he counts his end the best of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid huius vivere est, but diis mori?* His word is, *Cum expiro, spero*; my body only lived *sperando*, my soule lives *sperando*: When his breath failes him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur*. To this man, *mori quamprimum*, is his rather, therefore he saith to his soule, *Why art thou cast downe, O my soule, why art thou so disquieted within me? wait on God.*



*The difference of soules as well in
dying as living.*

SOule and Soule are differenced
Sin dying, as well as in being.
The Atheist dares not dye for feare
of *non esse*; The ill liver dares not
die for feare of *male esse*; The doubt-
full conscience dares not dye *nesci-
endo*,

endo, whether he shall be, not be, or be damned; Only the good man dares and desires to dye. He is assured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I feare, when I know in whom I beleeve,* said the holy Martyr? *I am thy Salvation,* saith that Saviour of man.

Could Death end misery, the greatest happinesse a wicked man would wish, were the act of Death: But his conscience will not let him lye; he knowes the end of his present miseries, is the beginning of worse, yea, such as Death it selfe cannot terminate; for that would be happinesse enough, had he hope there would be an end at the least.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradise* for the good; *As the tree falleth, so it lyeth*; As Death leaves him, so Judgement shall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had some good in it, could he have seene it. In life there was some ease, in death an end; But in *Inferno* there is neither ease nor end.

*Prima mors animam dolentem pellit
de corpore;*

*Secunda mors animam nolentem te-
net in corpore.*

There is no *Annuus Platonius*, nor
yeare of Jubile in this place.

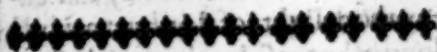
Could we therefore fore-thinke
what bitter paines our sweet finnes
will cost, we would be provident,
we durst not but be innocent.

But foolish men give away their
Soules for nothing: yet those that
would not feare for love, shall trem-
ble for feare, and find, though too
late, how much prevention is bet-
ter than confusion. In the sense of
paine, and horroure of Conscience
they will one day cry, *O vos omnes
qui transitis*, All ye that passe by, at-
tendite, & videte si est dolor sicut dolor
meus. Then pangs of death, an-
guish of conscience, frights of Hell
meeting all together, will render a
man perfectly miserable.

It is strange that we will not be
wise by other mens harmes: for
though

though we love our selves better than others, yet we see others better than our selves. Reason therefore bids us, if we would see our owne case, then to view it in another mans person, and so prevent that which he feeles.

Seldome doth he dye well, that lives ill; therefore in the course of your life practice well doing, and at parting you shall have the comfort of well dying.



Body and Soule parting.

S*ed quam amarum erit hoc tempore*
Scorporis & anima separatio? We
 see old acquaintance cannot part
 without teares. *Quid facient intimo*
familiares, quales sunt corpus et anima,
que ab ipso utero ita jucundissime vi-
xerint? If the Oxe loweth when his
 fellow is taken from him that drew
 the plough with him, *qualem magi-*
rum shall we give when soule and
 body part? *Siccine separas, amara*
Mors? Siccine separas?

When I goe in *fundum*, there shall I see *nostrum nihil*, saith the Booke of Kings. The spirit at this time may be willing, but the flesh will be loth. *Agre amittitur, quod valde amatur.*

Faith will assure God is thy Father; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayest not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers side prevaile not; Shee will play *Naomies* part, perswade thee earnestly to stay and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but resolve thou with *Ruth* to see what entertainment is for thee in *Bethlehem*, for there thou shalt finde a *Boaz*.

In ista hora, every man will make *Balaams* suit, (for no man would be miserable, if it were enough to desire to be happie.) *Beatus vult homo esse, etiam non sic vivendo ut possit esse.* Some there are that would not wish to live, but wish they had not lived. But such wishes will not serve, Death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Hea-
ven

ven is full of good works, Hell full of good wilnes. He must *piè vivere*, that will *secure mori*. We all desire to shut up our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo Spiritum meum*. But it is not the last words a man utters, that doe qualifie his Soule. Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit: for as we used his in this life, so he will use ours after Death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vitâ, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vitâ.*

At this houre what would a man give to secure his soule? *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ, qui pro nibilo das illam?* Poore man! never was any so rich as could pay the ransome of his owne soule; a displeased mercy askes greater satisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyest, thou goest to give account of thy Stewardship, that is, *Temporis amissi, Mali compiissi, Boni omissi*: and thy soule already knowes in *conscientia tua*, whither it goes, *quando egreditur e corpore tuo*. For

thy conscience is a Justice Itinerant with thee, and though thou canst carry nothing else with thee, yet this thou canst not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whither thou goest, and what thou shalt look for: *Tunc quasi loquentia tua opera dicent; Tu nos egisti: Tuis opera sumus, non te deseremus: sed tecum ibimus ad Iudicium.* In that day shall come into mens mindes (*vi divina*) in the twinkling of an eye all their past good, or evill worker.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou hast done, said, or thought all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for sinne, but misery.

Man is a great flatterer of himselfe, but conscience is alwayes just, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It alwayes takes part with God against a mans selfe; It is *magistratus domesticus*, that will tell what you doe at home; it is well termed, the Pulse of the Soule: There-

Therefore if you would know the true state of your body or soule, feele how this beats, that will tell you : yet take heed you make not an Idoll of your conscience; neither thinke, as some doe, that it is a crime to make a conscience of our actions. The Booke of Wisdom saith, That wickednesse being pressed with conscience, fore-casteth grievous things : feare is full of projects.

Nemo seueriores seipso habet iudicem : Therefore non timens iudicium, is a desperate thing; yet we pray daily, *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum.*

It shewes a Christian courage, *Regnum Dei postulare :* But a man had need of a good cause, that wishes the coming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the best men that ever lived or dyed; that of David, Ezekiel, and of Christ himselfe (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Christ, not many hours before he suffered, said,

said, *Anima mea turbata est, & quid
dicam?* and at the very point of
death, said, Father, if it be thy will,
let this Cup passe from mee. When
David said, Save Lord for thy mercies
sake; for in death there is no remem-
brance of thee. And Ezechias wept
sore, when he was bid, Put thy house
in order, for thou must dye. Si Patres,
si Prophetæ, si Apostoli, si Martyres,
si Christus ipse, was thus troubled at
the houre of death, Wretched man
that I am, what shall I doe? Wee
were all to seeke, but that Christ
bids us, Be of good cheere, for I have
overcome death, *Mors morte redempta
est.* Now there is advantage in
death; that which was the wages
of sin, is made the reward of righ-
teousnesse.

Now that death hath overcome
death, and that faith hath secured
feare, *Nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo
mori.* For what can he feare in death,
whose death is his hope? *Tumor ti-
more pellitur, ut clavis clavo truditur.*
Right precious in the sight of God is
the death of his Saints.

See

See then what makes men willing or loth to dye.

Obsecro te, Lucille, said Seneca, Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo? It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loth to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbear the Court. And count him but unwise, *Qui ac sum aperit aeri, ut se satiare ventis.* Some say unto themselves, Since the Fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were: *Libere ignorant, ut liberi peccent;* These will erect to themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should alwayes laugh upon them. *Quamvis peior est mundus cum blanditur, quam cum indignatur.*

Some say, Let us eat and drinke, for to morrow we shall dye, *Et post mortem nulla voluptas.* These would doe any thing rather than dye. Others thinking to please God by making them-

themselves miserable, live as if they came into the world but to act a sad mans part and dye.

De tanta letitia, quanta tristitia !

These wish a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weake minds seeke ease in change. Therefore well said the Son of Syrach, O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whose strength failes? That is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience. Contrariwise, O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things. (*Sed, o seculum nequam, quod solus tuos sic soles beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos.*)

Certainly to this man that thus lives at ease in delicacie with affluence of all things, (for to use happinesse is as difficult as to forbear it) to him it is a sad and bitter meditation to thinke that death must
take

take him from all these joyes, wher-
in his heart tooke pleasure, though
indeed pleasures are but paines in
their losse. *O pro quantillo Regnum
perdidi!* said *Lyfsmacus*, when he
gave his kingdome for a cup of cold
water.

Thus as men differ in their con-
dition; so doe they in the accepta-
tion of death.

*Sed, O quam amara mors mundum
amantibus!*

Every poore contentment glues
us to that we like. And what are
those contentments? Vaine hopes,
impure pleasures, false honours,
dangerous greatnesse, unsatisfying
wealth, stormie contentments, all
contemprible. For all that some
good men covet, *Es Deum & mun-
dum simul complecti*; but that will
not be; *Nam Deus non amat cor di-
visum*. A man cannot looke up to
heaven with one eye, and downe to
the earth with the other. *Amor Dei
non est dividendus terrenis*; Christ
would not have his Coat divi-
ded.

If

If thy heart be set on heaven,
 thy soule will have no pleasure in
 these low things, looke upward.
 A good Christian is high minded;
Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque
tueri. The minde contemplating
 heaven, walkes beyond eye-sight,
 and at so farre a distance discernes
 God, as if he were at hand. There
 be certaine Subsapientes so worldly
 wise as they thinke all other men
 insipientes. To converse with God
 is true solace. We are never well
 but when we are conversing with
 others, but our conversation is sel-
 dome in heaven where it should be.
Moses was with God in the moun-
 taine, and came downe glistering,
 his face shining. *Peter*, when he was
 taken up to the mount, cryed, *Fa-*
cimus hic tria Tabernacula: Who
 ever they be that dwell in Contem-
 plation of heavenly things, see visi-
 ons, and come off rich in thoughts
 In this state, said *David*, I have had
 more joy of heart, than they whose
 wine and oyle increased.

Therefore if thy heart be right,
 thou

thou needest not feare : But a heart
and a heart God cannot abide. *Cor
extensum* God loves. It is noted in
nature, that the fearefullest creatures
have the largest hearts. Let the feare
of God inlarge thy heart, and then
you need not feare your day of
death : *Nam dies iste, quem tanquam
extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi e-
terna salutis erit.* Nor yet the face
of death, for it will looke upon
thee, *Facie non horrendâ, sed blandâ ;
non terribili, sed amabili.* Here is the
difference, the good mans hope is
even in Death : The world-lover
ends his hope and happinesse,
when he dyes : As *Abab* said to *E-
liar*, so saith he to Death, *Hast thou
found mee, O mineemie ?* Whereas
the other saith, as *David* said to
Abimeaz, Let come and welcome,
for he is a good man, and cometh with
good tidings.

Plato discoursing unto one,
De contemptu mortis, and speaking
strangely upon it, was answered,
*Fortius loqueris, quam vivis : At
ille dicebat, non quemadmodum vi-
veret,*

veret, sed quemadmodum vivendum esset. For a weake mans rules may be better than the best mans actions. But how-ever the Contemplation of death pleaseth, the suffering of death will pinch. A man satisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to conveigh over a tempestuous water to a calme shore, yet did not the word, *Ibis ad patres*, sweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood cast by *Moses* into the waters of *Marah*, turning bitterneffe into sweetneffe: The thought of Death (though it be but a gathering to our fathers) would be an unpleasing study.

But feares being past, which are but shadowes, set off joyes the better, therefore now to see the joyes that Death brings.

The



The joyes brought by Death.

P*er angusta pervenitur ad angusta*: The soule of joy lyes in the Soules joy. It was Sampsons, Riddle, *Out of the bitter came sweet.* The good mans quality is to looke thorow Death at Glory. When we thinke upon the separation of body and soule, then it is a sweet Contemplation to consider the conjunction of our bodies and soules with Christ; which being made by the bond of the spirit in this life, shall never afterwards be cancelled. For let Death, wilde beasts, or birds devoure and teare the body from the soule, yet neither body nor soule are thereby severed from Christ.

Non curo, si me moluerint, modo parum sum farina Christo.

And yet the body thus consumed,

med, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beast, nor yet receives life or sense from the soule, nor hath aptitude in it selfe to reanimation, whilest it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, saith Job, by the sent of water will bud againe, but man is sicke and dyeth, and where is he? Surely not lost, but laid a while at rest.

But when the great Afflicter, that generall *venite* comes; Then looke what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The Body and Soule of Christ were severed as farre as heaven and the grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the God-head: So likewise our bodies and soules, though rent and pulled in sunder millions of miles distant; yet neither of them are severed or dis-joyned from Christ our head.

Qui prae dixit, Revixit, and this hath wrought it. Humane wisdom cannot comprehend this; Weake faith lookes for meanes,
and

and is put to shifts, when she sees them faile; and yet Reason ministers helpe to Faith, though it be no ground of Faith. *Nam fides non tollit, sed potius extollit rationem.* Reason, the chiefest peece of man, would, but cannot reach so high. Grace that hath taken up her seat in the Soule, makes Reason see what Nature cannot: And yet man, doe what he can, is still apt to seeke a reason why he should beleewe. But Omnipotence, which workes by improbabilities, tels us, there is no strong faith where there is apparent meanes. Difficulties and improbabilities are the proper objects of faith, *Credo, quod non vides, & videbis, quod non credis.*

Philosophers say, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of Folly. But as opinion is owing unto reason, so is Faith to Religion. With them, to beleewe nothing for which they saw nor reason, was counted wisdom.

But faith is not faith if reason comprehend it; Faith and Reason have

have their limits; where Reason ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greatest argument for prooffe of Christianity, the proceeding of it contrary to reason.

In Nature we see that in Winter season, trees which seeme as dead, revlye againe in the Spring: because the Body, Graines, and Armes of the Tree are joynd to the root, where the Sap lyes all the Winter, and by meanes of conjunction it conveyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust. *Homo arbor inversa, cujus radix in coelo, rami in terra.* Mans life lyes hid in Christ with God; Yet in the day of the Resurrection, by reason of this Mysticall Conjunction, divine and quickning vertue shal stream from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternall. For the head will not be without the members; where he is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature, shrink not at the
 possi-

possibility of Resurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses* which was hid in the valley of Moab, appeared in the hill of Tabor, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laid up to be raised to glory, as it was laid downe in dust.

The incineration and dissipation of this dust shall have a recollection in the day of resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezechiel*, Prophesie upon these bones, and say, *O yee dry bones, I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinewes upon you, and will bring up flesh, and you shall live? Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust, saith Esay, for thy dew is as the dew of hearbs: and the earth shall cast out her dead. I know saith Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face. Our bodies you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint Bernard upon the losse*

losse of his friend, expostulates thus with Death; *Occidisti, possedisti, Sed, quid? corpus, non animam: & venies aliquando Christus non potestare, & maiestate carnem illam quærere, & illud corpus caduerosum configurare corpori claritatis sue.*

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honored, if not adored, after death?

Sleepe saith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest, for now is your salvation nearer, than when you beleved.*

Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sinne; or grieve for the death of a friend; since, as *Seneca* saith, It is but envie, not sorrow? Now that the childe is dead, wherefore should I fast or weepe, said *David*? Griefe preceding evill, if it be used for a remedy, cannot be too much: But that which followes an evill past remedy, cannot be too little. The
arrest

arrest of Death shall not alwayes
keepe him that lyes downe in
peace.

The bodies of Saints, saith Au-
gustine, shall be raised, *Tanta facili-
tate, quam a felicitate*, with as much
ease as happinesse. *Nam morte tan-
tum intermisit vitam, non eripio*; it
doth not disannull, but discontinue
life. And by our rising we are re-
mitted to our better right: A life
which never dyes, a morning that
hath no Eve nor ending.

Now me thinkes I heare death
say of life, as Iohn Baptist said of
Christ, *Hic est qui comedit after mee, is
before mee*.

O sweet word! Life, the best
Monosyllable in the world, Gods
owne attribute: *Deus vivis*. And
my soule (saith Job) shall live, for my
Redeemer liveth.

And is this life but the childe of
death? Then blessed also be the
word Death; the mother of life, I
will no more call thee *Marah*, but
Naomi: for thou art not bitter, but
sweet, more pleasant, though swif-

ter in thy gate that the Root Hinder.
 The Swolke could say, *Mors aequa
 efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium.* But
 what Tith. Sane Iohn. I heard a
 voice from heaven, saying, *Write, Blef-
 sed are the dead which dye in the Lord,
 they dye no more.* Death hath no more
 power over them. All sinners are wiped
 from their eyes. Perpetua the daugh-
 ter of Saint Peter, *fibre mortis: ro-
 gatus Petrus, cur non illi flectat alius suc-
 curret, hoc illi praestare respondit.* It
 was better for her to dye.

Compare life with death, and
 you will clearely see, how death,
 which seemes to dispossesse us of
 all, puts us in possession of more
 than that all.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina re-
 rum,*

*Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata
 quiescit Offendunt.*

It is but being which we have
 by birth. A better being is by death:
*Esse natura est, bene esse gratie, opti-
 mum esse gloria.* Mans happie being

is Eternity. Gods proper Name
is, Being. Being is our Christen
name.

Faine would man bee happie
while he lives: But the world will
scarce afford him a vacation unco
sorrows. No man can speake him
happie, that hath a day to live.
Nescit enim quid serui vester vobis.
There is diuine Philosophy in that
saying. Others bring forth the best of
first, but thou bringest that which is
best last. The end of man is better
than man, whose birth is Sin, his
life Folly, his death Rottenesse.

Though we cannot brag of our
Parentage; because our father was
an Amorite, our mother an Hittite;
And it is but a windle happinesse
that is sought in titles taken upon
others credit: yet it was happinesse
to me, that God wrapt me up in
his Covenant; reserved me for a
time of triall, derived me of religi-
ous Parents, and made me a subject
to vertuous and gracious Kings.
Yet this birth brought me into a
world of miserie, allowing no cea-

ing from sorrowes: *Ne natalem quidem exoptat.* For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis future Propheta.*

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings me to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the heavens. *Ad excelsa sublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cætus sacer;* Where for Love, I shall be a Sonne; for Birth-right, an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed, and had commerce with men, there I shall have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O happie and safe conditior of Gods children, whom paine thus easeth, Death revives, dissolution unites, singlorifies: for we know, saith Saint *Paul*, we that are in this tabernacle doe groane, being burthened, not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon; that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

Old

Old father Jacob, when he was told of his son Joseph's power in Egypt, was not satisfied to hear of his honours, but enquires of his life: Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in Egypt, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did Joseph's life content him without his being with him. (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone,) and therefore said, I will goe see him: counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walke in desires: for indeed the best things that are, pleasure is not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The kind of this desire and contentment did well appear in that meeting between Iacob and Joseph. Iacob for a while endures each to other.



*The joy of Soule and Bodie at
their meeting.*

HAPPINESSE communicat-
ed, doubles it selfe; these two
Confines, Soule and Body, as *Ma-
ry* and *Elizabeth*, will hasten to meet
in the Hill-countrie. And what
then shall be the joy, when soule
and body separate for a season, (al-
though in the interim the Soule
doth not wander and obambulate)
shall meet againe in joy, and mutu-
ally enjoy one the other? The soule
saying to the body, rise up my love,
my faire one, and come away, for
loe the Winter is past, the time of
singing of birds is come.

The sense of this delight and
contentment did well appeare in
that meeting betwixt *Iacob* and *Io-
seph*, when mutuall losse and sepa-
ration for a while did more endear
each to other.

Intermission of comfort hath this advantage, that it sweetens our delight more in the returne, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was Jacob glad to leave his Country, and the Land of Promise, to see his younger Sonne Joseph, though in Egypt? What then shall be the Soules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a strange Land, and goe to see her elder brother Christ in heaven? In this respect, *Capharnaum* was Saint *Pauls* wish. For this tedious mortality, pleasant it how man can, will grow intollerable, if Death doe not disburden it. Long living to lodge us with sin, as sinne is false tyer at last him that loved it best.

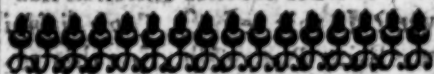
It is an Innate that will roost with us as long as life affords. It house-rooms, nor will it lodge alone, but still one sin will bring in another.

But through Death, the very body of Death, and burthen of sin, are cast out both together.

Such then the life I now lead is

bislet with Death, tends to Death,
ends in Death, I will no longer mi-
stake termes, calling that Death
which is life, that life which is
Death: *Hanc esse mortem, quam nos
vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam
nos pro morte timeamus*, but will hold
with Saint *Augustine*.

*Per vitam ad mortem transitur est:
per mortem ad vitam reditur est.*



Death the Regeneration of the Soule.

In Thicke the Pagans had some
sense of this, who did celebrate
the day of their death with mirth,
and the day of their birth with
mourning. And the conceit of those
Philosophers was divine, who held,
that although the Soule of man
was then infused when man was
made, yet is it new borne when man
dyes. His body being the wombe,
Death the Midwife which delivers
that to sorrow, this to glory.

Returne thou to thy rest, O my soule,

for

for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwise joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jeremiah*, who said, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare me, be blessed.*

If we observe mans ingresse into the world, his progresse in it, his egressse out of it, we must needs wonder, and say with *David*, *Lord, what is man?* And yet he was a King that said it.

*Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget?
Quis errat? Solum (den sortes) homo.
Sperat, optat, agit, voluit, explorat,
queritur. Malorum omnia plena.*

But to assure there are joyes in Death, what saith the Scripture to well-dying men?

Rejoyce, and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth neere. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a spirituall body, not in substance, but in quality: like that body of the Sonne of God.

Unto you that feare God, saith the Prophet *Malschy*, *The Sonne of Righteousnesse shall arise with bealing in his wings.*



The third generall Division.

III.

*When Death is to be prepared
for; and how.*

The time when.



PLETO; that Great Phi-
losophia, saith, There is
nulla salutaris Philoso-
phia, but perpetua mortis
meditatio. And sine ista

meditatione tranquillo esse animo nemo
potest. Dreadfull Death laughs at
the vaine conceits and precepts of
humane tranquillity. It is, saith
Seneca, the most honourable Philo-
sophy,

sophy, to study a mans mortalitie :
Mortis meditatio est vita sapientia :
 Politikes say, *Tota vita descendam*
est utere. But faith Seneca, *Hoc ana-*
gus mirabimur, Tota vita descendam est
mori. The Divine faith best, *Cogita*
de fine infinito, & vives in infini-
tum.

Foolles would faine doe at last,
 that which wise men doe at first :
 Prepare for their end. Carelesse
 men thinke the Signiory of time is
 at their command, to doe what they
 list, when they list. Indeed youth
 and age are measured by govern-
 ment, not by time : Time it selfe
 is *mensura Temporis* : but wee
 must consider, wee have little
 power over the present, lesse o-
 ver the future. *David's* example
 is worth the following, who
 cryed, *Betimes, Lord, let mee know*
mine end, and the measure of my dayes,
what it is, and how long I have to live.
All the dayes of mine appointed time,
 faith Job, *I will watch till my chan-*
ging shall come.

Time it selfe, which covers all
 that is

that's past, and discovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is past, The Law which succeeded is abolished. Now is the Gospels time, after which there shall be no more changes.

Change (the great Master of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuseth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our owne but time, which is a servant equal to all, holde price, and flies as fast in idleness as in businesse:

So that though time well spent diminishes our time, yet when it is imployed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treasure for a future time; and thus is rather a husbanding, than consuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, said *Vespasian*. He lives in safety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time most men miscast it, counting for first, that which is last; and that last, which is first: beginning the account from the day of birth: where-

as our death day, is our first day :
for the last of life, is the first day to
life, we then ceasing to dye, when
we leave to live.

*Solbat dicere Fabianus ; In tria
tempora vita dividitur : Quod est,
Quod fuit, Quod futurum est : Ex
his, quod agimus breue est : Quod
acturi sumus, dubium ; Quod egimus,
certum.*

Reckon first with time past, and
you may make time to come cer-
taine. *Nondum venit huius*, deceives
many a man ; but when the Sunne
comes to the Meridian, the yeare
to the Solstice, then looke for a
running of thy dayes : Impose an
hopefull and happy necessity upon
thy selfe, and thinke of dying
timely.

The Soepricks put a *fortasse* up-
on all things in the world. But
saith Saint *Augustine* There is no
one thing in the world to be na-
med, where this word *fortasse* had no
place, except you speake of Death :
*Elie solum fortasse lectum habere non
potest.*

It may be said of Death, as is of the Kingdome of Heaven, it comes not by observation. He lives not, that knowes where, when, or how he shall dye. Yet none lives, but knowes he must dye.

Adora omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibusdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quam quibus accidis, antequam vocaretur. Therefore said one, *Dementia est*, it is more than folly not to be prepared for death. *Sed si mortem venientem prameditamur, tunc superatur.* The preparation for Death, makes a fruition of life. *Nemo propter annos & rugas diu vivit;* yet never man preserved himselfe from dying, by forgetting Death. Gerson brings in an English-man asking a French-man, *Quos annos habes?* How many yeares are you? His answer was, *Annos non habeo*, I am of no yeares at all, but Death hath forborne me these fiftie yeares.

Look at Death thorow a perspective, that so it may seeme at hand, though it be farre off: *Ante senectutem*

tem curandum bene vivere, in senectute bene mori.

The very Heathens through Natures instinct, provided themselves for Death by Sacrifices to their gods.

Frangite Toros, Pete vinas, Rosas capite, Tangere nardos;

Ipse jubet mortis te meminisse Deum.



A faire way of dying well.

SAlomon saying, that the day of death was better than the day of birth, inferred that there was a faire way of dying well; whereunto two things were most requisite.

First, a timely preparation before death was most requisite.

Nam facile sustinet, qui expectat mortem.

That Oracle of Morall men, wise Seneca was wont to say, *Sape debemus*

debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus. Wee ought often to prepare for death, and will not: at last we dye indeed, and would not. *Cesar Borgia* being sicke to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing, but Death; now I must dye, and am unprovided to dye.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man. *Sed in hoc errore omnes versamur, quod non putamus nisi senes ad mortem venire; citamur nec sensu, nec aetate. Mors, quo facilius obrepit, sub ipso vitæ nomine latet:* Hee that sees the Basilisk before he be seene of it, avoids the poyson: See death before it comes, you shall not feele it when it comes.

Procrastination is the great enemy to preparation. This vain *Carina*, that alwayes cries, *Cra, Cra,* couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, trusting upon to morrow. Saith *Tibullus*, *Juncti mala sinistri latus, sed credula vitæ spes alit, ut melius cras fore, semper ait:* but trust not to that; *Ille sapit, quisquis*

Post-

Postumus, vixis heri. We pray daily, Lord give us this day our daily bread. *Dum dicitur, Hodie,* we should remember, Life is but a day, *Dies non seculum,* Wherefore saith *Salomon,* *Talke not of it a morrow, propterea enim quid superuentura pariat dies.*

By desorring we presume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

Quod in manu fortuna posuimus, ista, diffundimus, quod in te habemus, dimittis, which made the Heathen Poet, *divine favore instinctus, necesse fore salutem commens.*

*Optima quaeque diu miseris mortali-
bus, aut Prima fugit.*

Therefore, *noli tardare,* delay not thy prepare for death, till the approaches of Death. *Recordare, non est finem, et non peribis in aeternum.*

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kinde of ease, not so in good things.

Doe therefore the worke of the day in *die sua.* No man can promise himselfe a morrow.

Fleres

*Fletes, si scies unum tua tempora
mensē :*

*Rides, cum non sit forsitan una
dies.*

Every man hath his day. Jerusa-
lem, haddest thou known this but in
this thy day, thou wouldest not, &c.
Est et dies hominis, et dies Domini.
When mans day is past, then Gods
day comes. *Nam vita est nisi vigilia;*
The eve of another day.

A man, saith Luther, lives forty
yeares before he knowes himselfe to
be a foole; and by that time he lea-
his folly, his life is finished. So men
dye before they begin to live.

The case therefore of those men
is most unhappie, who after forty
or fifty yeares of dayes, in their mis-
spent time (for it was but *tempus*,
not *vita*) and now ready to dye,
are even then to learne how to
dye, when they are in the Act of
dying.

*Que tam stulta mortalitatis ob-
livio,*

Inde

Inde velle vitam inchoare; quod pauci perduxerimus?

To dye well is too busie a worke to be done well extempore.

- Deferring as well as presuming, makes many men implicite Atheists.

It was a sweet speech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocene childe of my owne used in extremity of sickness, Mother, what shall I doe? I shall die before I know what Death is. I beseech you tell mee what is Death; and how I should dye. Death is the knownst and on knownst thing in the world. *Certe multum interest, piceare aliquis nolit; ut in se sit. Bar there is still miserius morienti, quam non scire magis, nam, statim one, Tolerabilius est non esse, quam nescire mori.*

Such then it is a thing as well naturall as necessary for a man to dye, it is no thanks to a man to pay that willingly, which he must doe of necessity. But in paying of this

this debt, wisedome counsels two things:

First, to consider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

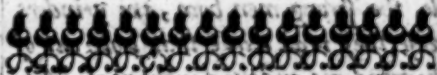
For the time; Seeke not Death in the error of thy life. Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the evil dayes come not, nor the yeares approach wherein thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in you. Before the silver cord be loosed, the golden Ever broken: Before the Almond-tree flourish, and the Grasshopper be a burthen: Before the keepers of the house shall tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease, they wax darke that looke out of the windows, and the daughters of Musick be brought low.

Old Barzillai being in this case, refused all the pleasures of a Kings house, though he was kindly intreated by the King himselfe.

Age or sicknesse will make a man unapt either to compose, or dispose himselfe to death. *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora.* It is no fit time then to prepare to dye, when it is a burthen to live; So in the

the Law, God required the first fruits, not the lees for his portion. From the wombe of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth.

Old age it selfe is a young death: Age doth solicate Death, You h scornes it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this businesse. Therefore dedicate not all thy time to businesse for that as well as sloth may rob thee of thy time. Some talents improve most by laying up.



Three signes of approaching Death.

DOe you desire some signes of Death, before you prepare your selfe for death? *Tres sunt mortis mortis, casus, infirmitas, senectus. Casus dubius, infirmitas gravis, senectus certa denunciat. Casus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, senectus presentem.* Age and sicknesse summon men to their dissolution.

When

When *Ezechias* had beene sicke unto death, he wrote thus: In the cutting off my dayes, I shall goe to the gate of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I shall walke speak all my yeeres, in the bitterness of my soule.

Thus it fareth with every man in age or sicknesse; when a man begins to be sicke, his senses are wholly busied about the disease. The Physician is then conferring with him of the state of his body. The Lawyer is then consulted with about thy worldly state. The Minister touching thy soules health. Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Vilius offend thee; thy owne servants cannot please thee; Other mens discourses tire thee; to speake thy selfe spends thee; and to be silent grieves thee; not to be told how thou doest, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art, discomforts thee; but it most of all afflicts thee, to see thy wife and children (those peeces of thy selfe in another kinde) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus

Thus miserably we poore men at this time are distressed, and distracted; made unfit for any thing. At the houre of death perturbations arising from the greatnesse of griefes, and the neerenesse of death, have great force to disturb the senses, and will disable the heart from lifting it selfe up to God; for where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in paine is prone to love his body better than his soule; therefore it is a madnesse in a businesse of the soule, to tarry and await for the worst disposition of the body. A lover of vertue, at the point of death, will secretly study how to avoid the paines of death, which at other times hee despised. God knowes a due preparation for death, requires all the faculties and strength of a sound, perfect, and whole man.

Thinke not to serve God with thy dotage, when thou hast served thy pleasures with thy youth; God for his service will have the young

Isaac

Isae of thine age. You shall not see my face, saith *Joseph*, except you bring your younger brother with you.

Every man naturally, when he comes neare the goale of death, even for some intrinsecall cause, though unknowne to himselfe, is then weary of himselfe, and entertaines life with a tedious dislike. *Tunc in jucunda est rei pœnitenda recordatio*, distasting every thing, neglecting every thought of all humane affaires.

Nec juveni lusus qui placere juvant.

In the straits of death, then he prayes, God deliver me; then he thinkes, O how I am straitned till it be accomplished, *Abyssus abyssum invocat*, Sad words, breathing sorrowes.

But this should have been done, when strength of understanding served, *Nam serum est tunc vivere incipere, cum desinendum.* O *Anima peccatrix!* O *Tepida & negligens, quæ dum in vivis fuisti*, Never look to
F heaven;

heaven; *quid ages*, when thou art
 to depart, *è corpore tantopere amato*.
 Then to see thy selfe besieged: *hinc*
doloribus, *illinc angustis mortis*; the
 worme of conscience gnawing, evil
 spirits tempting to despaire, thine
 owne thoughts casting up thy sins.
Quid facies anima miserabilis? Quà te
vertas? comparare eris intollerabile, latere
impossibile. Therefore be wise, and
 deferre not thy Repentance to this
 time, for at this time these pertur-
 bations and confusions will make
 thee unfit, *cogitare de salute*. Saint
Augustine sayes well, *Nemo potest*
male mori qui bene vixit, & bene mori-
tur qui male vixerit; therefore, ut
tutius possis vivere & mori securus;
 Repent betimes.

The little Bee, so soone as flow-
 ers spring, goes abroad, viewes the
 gay Diapery, and the diversitie of
 the flowery fields, suckes the sweet-
 test of them, fraights her thighs,
 makes a curious combe, and so be-
 times hoards up Honey in Summer
 against the Winter.

Mors hyems est; orate ne fiat fuga
vestra

vestra hyeme. Why is the Winter harder to the Grasshopper than to the Ant? Prudence in one, and imprudence in the other differs them. To a wise heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Think not thou the winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this work. *Mons* must be gathered in the morning; the orient pearle is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is past, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evill: prevition is the best prevention. It is said of Father *Joseph*, who was a great Traveller, that before he dyed, *Pedes suos ad se collegit: Sic tu animi pedes.* Those cogitations and affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragrasti*: Gather them up, and then repose to rest. Begin not then to turne to God, when thou canst not turne thee in thy bed. None can bee good too

early: Christ in all his Examples
 meant our Instructions; he went up
 to the Temple in his Nonage. The
 foure Ages of men are resembled to
 the foure vigils of the night; *Prima*
pueritiam; Secunda adolescentiam;
Tertia virilem; Quarta senectutem
adumbrat. The first and last are the
 idle Ages, the other are the vigi-
 lous times. Therefore *parat se homo;*
præcingat se secunda & tertia. These
 are the watches Christ mentions
 for his coming: Blessed is that
 servant whom his Lord when he com-
 meth shall find so doing: But if that
 servant say in his heart, my Lord
 delayes his coming; the Lord of
 that servant will come in a day
 when he looks not for him.



Repentance when to be practised.

Repentance also in the time of
 sicknesse is commonly as sick
 as the party, yeelding then, when it
 cannot resist; and then preparing
 and

and repenting, when all other helpe
and hopes faile.

Eloquent Death, in die sum, will
tell thee, the happinesse of timely
repentance; an houre here may ob-
taine a pardon, which all eternitie
cannot get hereafter.

Trust not long life, nor late re-
pentance. One saith well, Play not
the Courtier with your faule. The
Courtier doth all things late, rises
late, dines late, sups late, repents
late.

Sed penitentia ratum est.
The dew of thy birth is of the morn-
ing.

The end of time affords little
time, *Omnia matris naturalis velocior*
est in fine. Holy Job tels us, If thy
bones be full of the slime of thy youth,
they will be downe with thee in the dust.
Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, &
ad iudicium non sequantur. When
death hath foulded up thy dayes, all
opportunity is past. The Cocke
crowed; but that *Gallinismus*, so
shrill a voice could not awake thee.
Therefore *Cygnismus*, that dole-

bed, to another on the beare, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive sin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare. But they that deferre and continue in sinne, are like him that was foure dayes dead and stanke in his grave. The primitive Church called them *Clinici Christiani*, Bedred Christians that prepared not for death, but upon their deaths-bed.

There is no safety in procrastinating; therefore flatter not thy selfe by the theeves example, who repented, but in *illis hora*. That is not put for imitation, but to keepe from desperation.

It is a strange thing to see that old men wil not see death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it stand at their backs. The old gray-headed man to seeme young, had coloured his haire blacke, but the devill told him he would not be so cozened.

*Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina
carnum.*

If men marke things well,

Mundus ipse senescit.

The common fashion is to put men in minde of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Physitian finde some ill symptoms, the patient may not be disheartned with the name of death.

Zenas the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physician must have given us over, before we will send for *Barnabas* the sonne of Consolation: *Ubi desinit medicus, incipit dominus*, say most men. But at this time draw not the Curtaine before the sicke, but let him see his sins, for he is the good Physician of my soule, that tels me of death, when he sees me live in sinne. But the best physick the patient liketh worst.

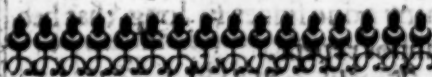
There is not any man so wicked, who with his good will would dye in his sin; yet most men so live, as if they beleaved permission were the

the Article of their faith all their life long : and the Article of Remission of sinnes were reserved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refused at any time, but many a one sinnes so long, that hee cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with grieve for opportunitie lost, will repent that ever he lived, and would count it happinesse enough to dye, so he might then cease to be. But that will not be, *Qui a morte est sine morte, semper vivit, semper occidit, sed nunquam pre-occidit* ; Death hath no death.

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the foolish Virgins : It will be too late to prepare oile, when the Bridegroom is coming. The warning is given, Be ye ready, for the Sonne of man comes at an hour : *Non dicis dominum, aut mensuram ne securis per horam constet*. He saith, *Ecce venio sicut fur* ; that is, when you sleepe best, and thinke least of him : *Dum ne mortem irruentem, nec Judicem venientem & nec*

supplicium horrendum videmus: in
 Hell men sleepe not, because here
 they slepe where they should have
 watched.



Settlement in Religion, is the best pre-
parative for death.

NOW as it is wisdom to bee
 prepared for death; so if you
 will dye with peace of conscience,
 and without trouble of minde, be
 well resolved in point of Religion
 before you dye: play not the hy-
 pocrite, nor the politick, who cares
 not what Religion be, for some be;
 whose rule is, *Religio ad marem, non*
ad rem pertinet.

It is true that honest men must
 have somewhat of the Serpent, not
 all of the Dove. For policie and Re-
 ligion doe as well together, as they
 doe ill asunder. Religion without
 policy is too simple to be safe: Po-
 licie without Religion is too sub-

till

till to be good. Worse than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldnesse. Never any man was a loser by beleeving: for faith is ever recompenced with glory; while thou livedst, it was not amisse to make doubts; for it shewes wit to move a question well, and it shewes judgement to resolve well. Some questions argue rather faith than doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongst sundry truths there is but one necessary to salvation. But in points of difference distinguish. For in reconcileable differences, nothing is more safe than indifference. But in maine oppositions be not neuter: for it is a lesse eye-sore to God to goe upright in a wrong way, than to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you shall finde it a fearfull thing to dye in doubt; and the comfortablest thing under heaven, to be well assured, and cleerely resolved in the truth of your faith before you dye.

Some

Some love to see the object of their faith, and so are led to idolatry: Others to co-operate in the work of their salvation, and so give part to merit. *Nihil tibi tribuat*, is safest. There is danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we ascribe too little to our selves, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then be of good cheere, for thou shalt heare Christ (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) say unto thy sicke soule, as he said unto the sinfull woman, *Goe in peace, thy faith hath saved thee, enter thou into thy Masters joy.*

And let all conceited humanists remember what their master Aristotle said when he died: *Anxiis vigis, debius morior: O Eas entium, misere-re mei.*

Sed parum prodest amodo misere-re mei.

Now



Now of the way to dye well.

HE that would end his dayes well, must spend them well: *Non est res magna vivere: Hoc omnes faciunt: sed pauci bene moriuntur. Et si li Mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.* Men is ready to dye before he lives, but therefore liveth a time in the world, that hee may dye betimes to the world. *His yeeres come to an end as a tale that is told:* his dayes deceive him, for they passe as a shadow by Moonshine, then appearing longest, when they draw nearest to an end.

Things give counsell unto men, better than men doe to the things. Here we dwell but in Tents; and Tents, we know, are set up to be taken downe againe shortly.

We that live here, live by death; for had not Christ dyed, we had not lived; he dyed for sinne, we live in
sm.

fin. Therefore with S. Paul I will say, *My life is not deare unto me, so as I may finish my course with joy.*

Do you desire to live a long time? The Son of Sirach saith, *A man that is made perfect in a short time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipsa, si sciatur, longa est.* The Spaniard saith, *Vir bonus bis vivit.*

Ampliat etatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est, vivere bis, vita posse priore frui. He lives twice that bestowes the fore-part of his life well.

Vincere scit Hannibal, uti victoria nescit.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by dayes; So should good men count their dayes by the good they doe, or the sin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of dayes, saith Saint Augustine, is not *numerus dierum quis sit*, but *qui sit*, that's the golden number.

Tres sunt dies hominum, saith Saint Hierome, *dies conversionis, dies conversationis, dies resurrectionis.* And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time

Time lent us flies away in the time that is lent us, every moment coming, being the death of that is past: Therefore weigh well every least moment; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it depends eternicy of time to come, that eternicy which is not bounded within the Kalendar of time; After a hundred thousand yeares eternicy is still as long as it was.

THe Art of dying well is better learn'd by practice, than by precept.

Unto dying well three things are most requisite:

- 1 First, to be often meditating upon death.
- 2 Secondly, to be dying daily.
- 3 Thirdly, to dye by little and little.



The first step of dying well.

Often meditation of Death, brings a man to dye in ease; for it alleviates pains, expels feares, eases

cures sinnes, corrects Death it selfe. The very thought of eternitie will please and make easie all things we suffer in a miserable life.

Quamodo non morimur, cum vivitur mortuis? We live with so many deaths about us, as we cannot but of en thinke of dying.

Every humour in us engenders diseases enow to kill us, so that our bodies are but living graves, and we die, not because we are sicke, but because we live. And when we recover from sicknesse we escape not sicknesse, but the disease: All this life is but a Death of an houre.

Doe as the Preacher counsels; What thou hast to doe, that doe quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goest, there is neither worke, nor discourse, nor travell, nor wisdom, nor conversation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in sadnesse, darknes overshadowing it.

Play then the wise mans part; Measure not life, *spatio, sed actu*. Life is ordained for Action, not for fruition.

tion. If thou hast any good to doe for the Church, the Commonwealth, or thy Friends, *fac citè*: for though he be happiest that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honest heart, yet if thou hast much goods laid up in store, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua sunt bona, si tu sis bonus*. Though Security rests in a meane state, yet there is pleasure in abundance; and for spirituall ends, temporall blessings may be desired. *Abraham* was rich in great measure; but rich in faith above measure. But sing not a requiem to thy soule; nor say vainly, *Vivamus dum vivimus*, for fortune, *ut volet, ordinet*: for so doth a mind uncertaine of successe, relieve it selfe with possibility: *Sed si certum non esset fatum, non crederes fatum*. Wisdome is Fortunes mistresse, wait on her, and remember, *Hæ nobis*, the day of vanity being past, the night of Judgement comes: when both light and delight goe out together.

Excellently doth the Booke of
Wisdome

Wisdom descry the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man, one that thinks himselfe *deus terra*, when he is but *terrens deus*. This man reasoning with himselfe but not aright, saith, Our life is short and tedious, against Death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are borne at all adventures, and hereafter shall be as if we had never beene: Our breath is smoake, a little spark in our hearts, which being extinct, our bodie turnes to ashes; and our spirit vanishes like soft aire. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present, let us fill our selves with costly wine and oymments: let no flowre of the Spring passe by us: Let us crowne our selves with Rose-buds, leave tokens of our jollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our strength be the law of Justice: for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous man is not for our turne, he is alwayes contrary to
our

our doings, he upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamie the transgression of our education: He was made to reprove us: Hee is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his wayes are of another fashion.

Such things these vaine men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they cast up the account of their owne finnes, they shall come with feare, and say with sorrow, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and made a pro- verbe of reproach. We fooles ac- counted his life madnesse, and his end to be without honour.

But how is he now numbered amongst the happie, and his lot a- mongst the Saints? what hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vantings brought us? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed aeternum quod cruciat.*

In vaine doth man strive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy

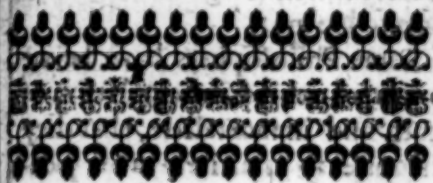
enjoy much by meere relation. The rich man hath not so much advantage of the poore by enjoying, as the poore hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and suddenly shalt thou finde all worldly pleasures turned into waking dreames.

Dormierunt somnium suum, & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum,
saith the Psalmist.

Notwithstanding, man while he lives, fancies many things, and covets without end, but all to no end. *Es que parasti, cuius erunt?* Either they passe from you, or you from them. *Non est nostrum, quod non est semper nostrum:* but these things, *Si non habent finem suum, habebunt finem tuum.* All the towers in the ayre that thou hast built, into *idem* prostermentur. Ere long two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie.

Privacie



Privacie with death, a so-
veraigne cordiall against
DEATH.

Herefore be acquainted
with Death betimes,
for through acquaint-
tance Death will lose
his horreur; like un-
to an ill face, though it be as formi-
dable as a Monster, yet often view-
ing will make it familiar, and free it
from distaste: walke every day with
Ioseph a turne or two in thy Gar-
den with Death, and thou shalt be
well acquainted with the face of
Death, but shalt never feele the sting
of Death, Death is blacke, but come-
ly. *Philestrates* lived seven yeares in
his tombe, that he might be ac-
quainted

quainted with it against his bones came to lye in it.

Some Philosophers have beene so wrapt in this Contemplation of death and immortalitie, that they discourse so familiarly and pleasingly of it, as if a faire death were to be preferred before a pleasant life.

This is well for Natures part; and Moralists think this is enough for their part to conceive so: But Christians must goe further, and search deeper: They must trie where the power of Death lyes. They shall finde that the power of every mans death lyes in his owne finnes.

That death never hurts a man, but with his owne weapon: It alwayes turnes upon us some sinne it findes in us. *The sting of death is sin:* Plucke out the sting, death cannot hurt us. The way to dye well, is to die often. Let a man often and seriously thinke of dying, then let him sin if he can, said *Peter Abundula*. And herein is our happiness;

nesse; though we live in sin, yet we dye without sin. Therefore to me death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of sin.



The second Step.

THe second Step to dying wel, is to dye daily.

Morior ne moriar, I die daily, saith Saint Paul. *Singular dies, singular vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tamquam vitam ordinat, crastinum nec optat, nec timet.*

The old saying is a good one, Doe that every day, which thou wouldest doe the same day that thou dyest. *Bonum est consumere vitam ante mortem*: But most men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant*. Let be done willingly, what we must doe necessarily, and what we can doe but once, let that be done well: Yeeld that readily as a gift, which you must pay as a debt
at

at last. Did men thinke that death were onely an end of life, and no more : every man for his owne ends would be a disturber of the worlds peace while hee lived, and make his owne peace but just when he dyed.

He that dyes daily, seldome dyes dejectedly : *facile contemnit mortem, qui se quotidie moriturum putat* : likewise, hee that will live when hee dyes, must dye while he lives. For if he dye not to sin while he lives, his sin will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleasure (said Saint Paul) is dead while shee lives. Live holily, and you shall die happily : Live as though there were no Gospell, but die as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem esse in vitâ, qualem velis reperiri in morte.*



*Two sorts of Death whereto every man
living is subject.*

A Living man is subject to a double death: The one naturall, the other spirituall. Naturall Death doth but separate the body from the soule: But spirituall Death separates the soule from God. Of all other, it is the most desperate state of life to live naturally, and to be dead spiritually: *Thou hast a name to live, but thou art dead,* said Saint Iohn of the Church of Sardis, But of the Prodigall child returned from his evill wayes, it is said, *This my sonne was dead, but is now alive.*

In Sardis there grew an herbe called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lye laughing when he was deadly sicke: Such is the operation of Sin. Beware therefore of this *Risus Sardonicus*.

G

We

Wee count it a fearfull thing for a man to be author of his owne death, but a sinfull life slayes the soule, and so while we live, we kill or lose our better life. The Commandement that sayes, *Thou shalt not kill*, specially forbids the murthering of our owne soules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worst death.

It is therefore holy wisdom for a man to let his sins dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou virtually : that so when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing else to doe, but dye.

Mortem horres amaram, subitam, turbulentam : vis placidam, piam, quietam ? in tua est potestate, qualem vis, efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleasures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and say unto them, as Job said to his friends, *Miserable comforters are you all.*

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excutitur,
saith

saith Saint *Marke*. Thy Soule lyes
as that Damosell in trances of
death, while shee is in the cham-
bers of pleasure, and is not raised
to life ; *Antequàm turba curarum
& deliciarum mundanarum ejicitur.*

There is nothing wherein wise-
dome is more seene than in the tem-
perate use of pleasures and prosper-
ity (which are but false notes of
truth) nor is there a truer argu-
ment of folly than vainnesse and
excesse.

*Oculi stultorum semper in finibus
terre,* but traile not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor sui : A dayes
sicknesse will make us sensible of
lifes grieffe ; yet if life doe delight
thee (because Ironies doe deny
strongest in affirming) *utere & fru-
re.* But take my counsell, keepe
life in exercise of some calling.
For you shall find that exercise is
no more wholesome for the body
than the soule ; *Non est res delicata
vivere ;* Wee must labour in some
calling : wherefore to see well-
borne men to despise honest cal-

lings, as now adayes they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idleneffe have at this day banished thrifty diligence out of great mens houses, yet we see gallant *Absalom* was a great Sheep-master; *Uzziah* the potent King of Judah had not beene so great a King, had he not beene so great a husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, must be built upon the grounds of Frugality: Frugality and Humility are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keepe a man from idleneffe, it were a goodnesse: for the industrious man is seldome at leisure to sinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leisure nor power to avoid sinne. Industry in any calling makes a man capable of better imployment, whereas Idles are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time spent in hollow visits, in
est, Courtings, Fantastick dressings,
Lawlesse disports, all turne to losse.

But

But however thou entertainest life, use it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night, and away: *Hæc appulisti, Cras decedes*: And in thy Journey follow not the common tracke, *Nam ad Deum faciens iter per trita sibi iter, longius abitur*: But doe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske questions of every one you meet, to set you on your way, lest; as Saint Paul saith, *A promise being made us of entring into rest, we come short of it*. Herein bee as great a questionist, as were those religious Ladies of Rome, who never let Saint Hierome rest for questions, which was the readiest way to heaven: The world is full of questions, but the best question in the world is that of the young man in the Gospell; *Good Master what shall I doe that I may have eternall life?* Some mens Questions are instructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learne. Yet in any case bee none of those Querists, who must have a reason for every thing in Religion, who thinke to

come to God by cunning, and by reason, not by Faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reason well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill should make men *Atheists*, when we finde it in the Gospell, that no men were so apt to see the Starre of Christ, as those wise men, the Disciples of Philosophie.

Be dying daily, and you shall soone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoone, and observe how long the one is, and how short the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loth to lose a day.

Palmaris posuisti dies meas, according to *Dauids* measure life is but a Span, the longest liver hath but a handfull of dayes, and life it selfe like a circle, alwayes begins where it ends.

Erat, quando non erat; sed erit.

Time

Time was, when man was not :
but how late a beginning soever
man had, yet after death he shall be
sure never to see end; therefore re-
member the Christian motto, *An-
nos aternos semper in mente habe.*

With the Ancient of dayes there
are no dayes: And the time shall
be when time shall be no more. *Super-
est quod superest.*



Two common errors.

T Here are two common errors
which deceive most men :

First, that a man enters not
into eternal life till he dyes: where-
as his calling here begins his life
eternall.

*This day is salvation come unto thy
house,* said Christ to *Zachew,* when
he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes
things future, present.

A pious man so lives here, as if
his conversation were in heaven,

carrying himselfe not only honestly, civilly, and humanely; but beyond naturall comportment: his present life seemes superhumane, divine, and spirituall; and so by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Blessed is he, saith Saint Paul, that hath his part in the first Resurrection, for the second death shall have no power over him.*

The second error is, however a man lives, yet if at last he seeme to dye well, then all is well, and his soule is sure to be saved: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Misery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miserable mans god; yet humane life as it hath not a greater friend, so many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali;* suspended hope is but a sad comfort.

Yet many would dye, did not hope sustaine them: but more have dyed flattered with vaine hope.

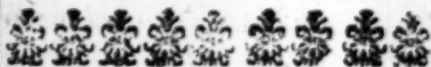
Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Enter

Enter into the first degree of life eternall here, or thou must dye eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon us* in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to have my part here in the first Resurrection, which is from sinne to Grace: that so I may enjoy the second Resurrection, which is from dust to Glory.

Thou hast brought mee, saith David, out of the dust of Death.



*To dye by little and little, the
third step.*

THe third step to dying well, is to dye by little and little. Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our mindes, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying, *paulatim*, by little and little: every sinne is more than a disease, and a wicked life makes a con-

cinnall death. *Impiè vivere est diu mori*; Therefore saith the good man, *Toto die mortificamur.*

He that useth this course every day to dye by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither be terrible nor sudden.

If we keepe a Courser to runne a Race, wee lead him daily ore the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when hee comes upon his speed, he doe not start or turne aside for any thing he sees. So let us inure our soules, and then *wee shall runne with boldnesse the race that is set before us.*

To dye by little and little, is first to mortifie our lesser finnes, and not to say with Lot, *Is't not a little one?*

We may not wash our hands of crying, and from bloudy finnes, and hug in our bosomes beloved, and Herodian finnes, finnes of higher tincture: *Hoc est tolerare, non tollere peccata*, Saint Augustine sayes finely,

ly, *Delicta dilecta sunt relinquenda* : Men commonly discard those sins they can best spare, but retain those they love best, and by changing them into better termes, would turne them from being sins, as Pride, that discontented sinne, must be counted State : Vanity, Civility ; Dissimulation, Courtship ; Anger, Courage ; Wantonising, a trick of youth ; Swearing, *Genus quoddam sermonis, non peccati* ; but take heed, specially of these sins, that make a vertue a sin, and sin to seeme a vertue.

Multa enim vitia se virtutes esse mentiantur. A man, saith *Plato*, may doe ill, but to disguise it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sinnes property is to worke upon some vice, but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a Phoenix pride. So to bee drunke for company is a sinne worse than sinne, for other sinnes move shame, but hide it ; this displayes it. Therefore forced healths at great feasts is a barbarous fashion : At *Assuerm* feast

feast every mans rule was his owne choyce, and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a single sin, yet of sinners if either party bee wise, both may escape.

They cannot want retentives from sin, that live either amongst friends or enemies, for friends may not be grieved, enemies may not be provoked.

Be wise therefore in good-fellowship; no man is so wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices, for betwixt some vices there is an Antipathy, nor is any man so lewd as not to bee sometimes in good moods, and dislike some sins: the world were not to live in, if all sins were affected by all men: But certainly great sins will never be conquered, if little sins be cherished: small penitents will easily part with so much of their sin as may abate nothing of their profit.

There bee also a sort of little deaths, as sicknesse of bodie, losse

of

of friends, and the like. Use these in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modest beginnings have hopefull proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees: the Prophet *David* went, *suspensio gradu*, step by step, and so compassed Gods Altar, God himselſe made nothing absolute at first. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatnesse is the course of the world.

Wherefore they say in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a speedy advancement leaves wife.

Omnia mutatio est quadam mortis imitatio. Let a man goe out as he came into the world, which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

David prescribes us this order, when he sayes, *Doce me & duce me, Domine.* He will not run, till he be taught to goe.

*Teach mee to doe thy will, and
leade*

leade me, O Lord, into the Land.

What Land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*; Land on earth, which by labour yeelds us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we beare about us, nor is this it.

There is *terra quam quarimus*; the glorious Land of Promise, that's the Land we seeke. Into this Land, *Duce me, Domine.*



For the manner of dying.

Amongst men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death: *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.*

Before you dye set your house in order: He that hath not a house yet hath a soule: no soule can want affaires to set in order, for this finall dissolution.

The chiefe grace of the Thea-

ter

ter is the last Scene. It is the Evening that crownes the day, and we thinke it no good signe of a faire morrow, when the Sunne sets in a cloud : *Finis coronat opus*. Yet I perswade my selfe, that night cannot but be happy, whose day hath beene holy.

David in a deepe contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, saying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis, Tbe issues of death belong to thee.*

Live religiously, and thou shalt dye comfortably.

All men, as men, dye naturally ; as Christians should dye religiously. The good man can equally live, or dye ; for he knowes if he live, God will protect him ; if he dye, God will receive him.

Bee faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a Crowne of life ; saith Christ.

Most men with a short Death, because Death is alwayes accompanied

panyed with paine, *Morimur gementes*; To lye but an houre under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we thinke beyond the strength of humane patience: He that desires to be dissolved and be with Christ, dyes not patiently, but lives patiently, and dyes delightfully. Happy he that after due preparation, dyes ere he be aware; So is he happy that by long sicknesses sees Death as farre off; for the one dyes like *Elias*, the other like *Elisha*, both blessedly.

The best posture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exercise of our calling, *Presse*, saith Saint *Paul*, towards the marke, for the prize of the high calling.

When thou art heavy unto death, then shew a lively Faith; for at that time a stupid patience is worse than passion.

When thou art speechlesse, use that *Silentium loquens*, Teares from thy heart. *Tacuit Petrus, sed flevit*, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*:

A teare is but a condensed pearle,
a pearle but a dissolved teare : At
this time turne words into teares,
and they will turne pearles. Hee
that made the mouth is not taken
with words.

*A broken and a contrite heart, O
Lord, thou wilt not despise.*

When thou art dying, Iye for-
rowing for thy sins, yet not de-
spairing ; for there is joy in griefe,
where the sorrow is for sinnes. I
am the same, saith *Jeremie*, that have
sins sorrowes : But this *Dolor pecca-
ti* makes *gaudium doloris*. There is
more joy in heaven for one sinner that
repenteth, then, &c.

Before thou dyest vow thy soule
to God, *nam qui jubet ut voveas,
juvat ut reddas*. Offer sacrifice up-
on the Altar of thy heart : If thou
hast not a Lambe, that is, mecke-
nesse ; or a Bullocke, that is, boun-
tifulnesse ; yet a Pygeon, that is,
well-wishing ; or a payre of Tur-
tles, that is, *Gemitus* ; a sound
of

of sorrow that thou hast no better.
As God loves not empty hands,
so he measures fulnesse by the affection.

Those that have most studied
men and stories, doe observe that
the greatest men, and best wits, when
once they come to find their owne
mortality, doe then with strongest
resolution quit the world, apply
wholly to devotion, and so end
their dayes with most quietude in
peace.

A good man, by his good will,
would dye praying, and doe as the
Pilgrim doth, goe on in his way
singing, and so addes the paine of
singing, to that of going; Yet by
this surplus of paine, unwearies
himselfe of paine,

But some wretches thinke God
rather curious, than they faulty, if
a few sighes, with a [Lord have
mercy upon us] be not enough at
the last gaspe.

Weaknesse must not argue, but
yeeld; God hath said it, and they
shall finde it.

Not

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven, but hee that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Commonly good men are best at last, even when they are dying; for they seldome dye of a sin-sicknesse.

The sicknesse of the soule hath this advantage of the bodies sicknesse. It never languishes under the Physicians hand: when it seemes at worst, then it is best: no sooner saith *David*, I am sicke; but *Nathans* tels him, Thou art well; no sooner sayes, *I have sinned*, and must dye, but the Prophet tels him, *The Lord hath put away thy sinne, thou shalt not dye.* Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is just with God that they who live without repentance, should dye without comfort. Woe is him whose bed is made in hell. Know this and beleve it, all our happinesse here is holinesse, and holinesse hereafter, shal be our happinesse.

There

There is no spectacle in the world so profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man, to stand by, and see a man disman-
ned. Curiously didst thou make man in the lowest part of the earth, saith David: but to see those elements, which compounded, made the body, to see them divided, and the man dissolved, is a ruefull sight. So dependent is the life of man, that it cannot want one element; fire and ayre, these flye upward; water and earth, these sinke downward; so living man becomes a dead car-
kasse. The breath of man goeth out, he turnes againe to earth, and then all his thoughts perish. And what is man but for his thoughts?

Every dying man carries heaven and earth wrapt up in his bosome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chuse his owne death, which was some ease to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, & domum habitaturus: Ita mortem utique quã sum*

sum exiturus è vitâ. But better saith another, *Smitè hæc cogitantur : vitam aliis approbare quisquam debet, mortem vero sibi.*

But since it is so great a matter to dye, so necessary to dye well, so dangerous to dye ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is wel adventured, where it is a gaine to lose it.

Certainly death hath great dependencie on the course of mans life, and life it selfe is as fraile as the body which it animates.

Augustus Cesar Bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quæ nullâ agritudine pulsârat fores ; so often as hee heard of a man that had a quicke passage, with little sense of paine, he wished for himselfe that *Eutbanasie* : While he lived he used to set himselfe between his two friends, *Suspiria & Lachrymæ* ; when he dyed hee called for his looking-glasse, commanded to have his haire and beard kembered, *Et Malas labentes corrigi,* his riveled cheekes smoothed up :
Then

Then asking his friends if he had acted his part well, *Cum ita responderint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

Alexander the Great did aske the Indian Philosopher how long a man should live; saith he, Untill he thinke it better to dye than live: but Saint Paul is our best patterne, who being weary of the world, desiring to be dissolved, cryed out (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desperantis*) O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver mee from this body of death?

There bee many that chuse rather to dye quickly, than to live long sickely, *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed letam*, yet better were it for them, *aliquando egrotare*, than *continuè valere*. For *vitiosa sanitas*, will make them thanke Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite Death to doe them the kinnesse to take them soone out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a mans life,

yet

yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. If life come once to be a displeasure, then death comes to doe us a pleasure, and for this (saith Tully) a man is most beholding to Nature. *Quod unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus verò multos. Sed non sic itur ad astra.* Christians know better wayes, as how to live in grace, that they may die in peace. *In pace ad pacem:* and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reserved.

O saith a good man, how safe is the condition of Gods children, whom very paine easeth, death revives, sin glorifies!

Yet there is not the strongest body, nor holiest Saint on earth, but at point of death, is subject to some trepidations and qualmes of feare. For the soule which comes into the body without any sensible pleasure, goes not out of the body without the sense of paine. And it troubles many a good soule to see men of the best lives, to have distem-

distempered and perplexed ends;
Some raving, some despairing, some
dying suddenly, and seldome any
have so bitter draughts, as those
whom God loves best.



Naturall distempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice
of the natural causes. Despaire in
dying, may as well arise from weak-
nesse of nature, as from trouble of
minde: but by neither of these can
hee bee prejudiced that hath lived
well.

*Marke the righteous, and behold the
perfect, for the end of that man is peace:*
His body may be sick, but his mind
is sound, for *God maketh all his bed
in his sicknesse*, and in the instant of
a sharpe separation his Soule findes
it selfe happie, for he knowes, *Si
durius seponitur, melius reponitur*,
though it be put off painfully, yet
is it laid up joyfully.

Raving,

Raving, and other strange passions, are many times rather the effect of the disease, than moving from the minde. For upon Deaths approaches, choler fuming to the braine will cause distempers in the most patient soule. In these cases the fairest and truest judgement to be made, is, that fims of sicknesse, occasioned by violence of disease in a patient man, are but fims of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill signes or presages; *Filius tantarum lacrymarum*, cannot but be saved, said the good Matron, when shee saw her son at worst: I will not despaire in respect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worne of conscience had not devoured living.

Seldome any enter into glory with ease: Yet the Jewes say of *Moses*, his soule was sucked out of his mouth with a kisse: some have their passion in death, that is bitter, because ic is inward: some before death, that is better, because it is outward.

H

David

David in this case, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lend sparrows a little, O spare mee, that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more.*

Indeed to Ezechias some yeares of dayes were lent, but we are not worthy of that favour, we must not expect that God will bring backe the shadow of degrees when once it is gone downe in the dyall of *A-haz*; we must time it as we may, and be content to live and dye at uncertainties.

Therefore as a sick man hearkens to the clock, so let us warch death. For sudden comming of death, finding a weake soule unprepared, makes it desperate, and leaves it miserable.

What



*What death is to be accounted
sudden.*

Sudden death of it selfe is not
therefore evill, because it is sud-
den, but because it may take us a-
way suddenly, our soules unprepa-
red. The good man never dyes un-
prepared, because his perseverance
in goodnesse, is a providence a-
gainst sudden death.

To a man well prepared, sudden
death is but a quicker passage, and
is not to be accounted a sudden
death, but a sudden departure, be-
cause it came not unlookt for.

Though the righteous be pre-
vented by Death (saith the Booke
of Wisdome) yet shall he be at rest,
because he hath made his peace be-
fore-hand. His departure is no mi-
sery, for his hope is full of eterni-
ty. *Ezekiel the Prophet* (so often
stiled *Sonne of man*) to him God

sayes, I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes, (which was his wife) with a stroke suddenly, and yet thou shalt not weepe.

Let not present pleasures of life allure, nor cares thereof possesse thee, then cannot sudden death surprise thee.

Improvisa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; But if a man doe not prepare to dye, he may live seven yeares in a consumption, and yet dye a sudden death. For any time is sudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their marke amisse who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death. If you know the goodnesse of a mans life, misjudge him not by any strangenesse of his death.

Though other men can best judge of our actions, yet a mans heart can best judge of himselfe. When a man comes to be judged; his life, and not the manner of his death, shall give the evidence with, or against him. Many that live wickedly, would seeme to dye ho-

lily

lily; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodnesse. To these men there is *malum triplex, quod manet in seipsum*. Which is Horror in exitu, Dolor in transitu, Pudor in conspectu Dei. If my life please God, I am sure my death shall pleasure me: Christ never leaves any of his at parting. *Elisba* would not leave *Elijah*, though he put him off twice, because he knew there was a blessing to come when they parted. It is a great happinesse to dye in ease. That mans end is easie, whom Death findes with a weake body and a strong soule. *Quis tam facile, quando vult, dormit*, as hee that layes downe his life in peace? The ayre is commonly calmest at noone.

Aristotle gives the reason; *Quis tunc vincit aut vincitur*: So is it with the soule of man at the point of death.

Yet a good man doth not alwayes dye in exercise of his goodnesse, but as a wise man when he

sleepes, leeseeth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though he dye in distemper; for habitudes of goodnesse doe not then leave him, though they cannot then doe their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion if a man dye quietly, and goe away like a lambe (which in consumptions and dall diseases, most men doe) then sure he goes to heaven; but if he be distempered, and of franticke behaviour (which happens to many through extreme inflammations) then sure he goes to hell; This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this case trust not naturall judgement, for it is arted with subtilties of Phyicke: Man workes by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

He that can shut his eyes every night with a quiet conscience, shall meet with least disturbances when Death shall close his eyes at last; nor will he care who shuts up his earthen

earthen eyes, when Death it selfe
opens his soules eyes. Then shall
we see more with these shut eyes,
than ever we could doe open eyed:
Saint *Paul* was therefore stricken
blinde, that the eyes of his spirit
might be opened.

Serenity, joy, and peace in a
dying man, is a hopefull behavi-
our: Yet we see the cleare starres
that are so delightfull to behold,
bring forth their Rayes by sparke-
lings, and darrings, as though they
were delivered of their light by
travell and hard assayes: So good
men in their death have great va-
riety of accidents, many languors,
many agonies, many iterated ende-
vours, travelling of Death as in a
Child-birth, sorrowes, torments,
paines being then Deaths Agents;
But if the passages of the soule
lye open to God without inter-
position of worldly cares, then
it peaceably makes egressse with a
sweetnesse, and that without distur-
bance.

Naturall causes will have their

operations ; but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his propertie sometimes to worke supernaturally by Nature. Dispute not with God ; give Nature leave to cavill, and we cannot be good Christians.

But trust to this, Beleeve aright, and live as you beleeve, and you cannot but dye in safety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world, so fix you to the world, as to desire longer life ; Prolongation is no pleasure, but so long as it goes well with us, *Sapè in hoc esse, Benè, non diu*. Shortnesse of life is no unhappinessse, *Citius mori vel tardius, ad rem non spectat ; benè mori aut male, ad rem spectat*.

The Booke of Wisdome saith, *He was soone taken awy, lest it should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soule.*

In principio mundi, cum homines viverent in majori simplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam ; postquam crescebat

*crefecbat hominis malitia & temporis
abusus, tunc abbreviauit Deus eorum
dies.*

Had present Death beene euill,
or long life good, *Cain* had beene
shaine, and *Abel* had survived; but
Death commonly beginnes first,
where God loves best; *His soule*,
saith the Sonne of *Syrach*, pleased
God; therefore hastened hee to take him
away.

Seldome is excellencie in any
kinde long lived; we see the best
men live not longest: and indeed it
were injurious to wish that good-
nesse should hinder any one from
happinesse.

The best cannot be happy but by
dissolution, their dying being but
a change, going from euill to good;
hopes putting in them such a new
life, as they care not to change the
old.

The liues of all creatures else
are lost to us, ours but changed to
God.

If the wicked man live long, it
is but to aggravate his judgement;

it hee dye soone, it is but to hasten it.

One man seemes to dye casually, another violently, both by destiny, all men by decree.

Es quon dederat cursum natura, peregi, said the Poet; but the Divine tells us, that *vix presentis finem valem esse decet, quale futurum est principium*: Nor is the place materiall where wee dye, so wee dye well.

Moses dyed upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might see the Land of Promise; *Felix conspectus*.

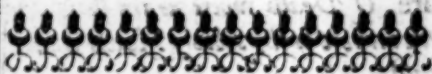
Be as ready to die as *Moses* was, when there was no more betwene God and him, but, *Moses*, *go up and dye*. With such a sociable conspectation are good men invited unto death, as to a feast.

Nemo mihi Mors gravior est The
posited more labor

— *Mors mihi merces erit.* God

All motions tend to rest

Returne then to thy Rest, O my soules
for God hath dealt bountifully with
thee.



Assurance of life after death.

A Wake and sing, saith the Pro-
phet Esay, yee that dwell in
dust, for thy dew is the dew of herbs,
and the earth shall cast out her dead.
Thy dead men shall live, with my body
shall they rise.

For reall assurance both to our
bodies and our soules, there are
three bodily Inhabitants already
gone to heaven.

Enoch before the Law, Elias un-
der the Law, Christ under the Go-
spell; yet for further assurance, Ipe
solum, Christ himselfe hath said it,
Because I live, yee shall live also. I am
the Resurrection and the Life. Qui
credidit in me, etiam si mortuus fuerit, vi-
vet. Although my flesh be eaten
with wormes, these wormes turned

to dust, blowne thorow the earth,
yet after thou hast turned all to de-
struction, againe thou sayest, *Come*
againc yee children of men. There-
fore, O *Death where is thy sting,* O
grave where is thy victory! saith Saint
Paul.

Hitherto shalt thou come, said
Job, but no further: here shall thy
proud waves be stayed: *Mors usque*
ad corpus solum pertinet, ultra non
progredditur: It stands not with Di-
vinitie, nor is it consonant to Rea-
son, that man, for whom all things
spring, should not have his spring
and rise againe. I see wormes and
flies, and other creatures that spend
the Winter season in a kinde of
death, revive in the Spring; I see
my selfe dead every night, and alive
in the morning: doubt not there-
fore of this article of beloeft, of
all most comfortable. I know whom
I have trusted, saith Saint Paul, and
I am assured he is able to keep that
which I have committed unto him
against that day. *And they shall bee*
mine, saith God by the Prophet
Malachy,

Malachy, in that day when I make up my Jewels.

Resurgam, said good Bishop King, It is now time to awake, for now is our salvation nearer than when we beleaved: nor will I feare how this body of mine shall appeare another day. For I am promised by him that wil performe, it shall not be found naked, but this covering of the flesh being cast off, it shall be clothed with glory, as with another garment. The children of the Resurrection dye no more, for they are equall to the Angels. If thy life be hid with Christ in God, then when Christ, which is thy life, shall appeare, thou shalt appeare in glory.

The word of assurance is, Redemptor meus, My Father and your Father, saith the Gospell: there is great divinity in these pronounes, Meum & tuum, they are words of assurance to mens soules, though in mens states they are the ground of all Controversies. I know that my Redeemer lives, but I doe not therefore know this, because I will know it.

it; For the will cannot invade the understanding. How then doe I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, sed cernitur*, things are not so, because we are perswaded they are so; but because they be so, therefore we are so perswaded. The woman with childe, knowes she is so, when she feels it stirre lively: So the Spirit of God assures our spirit, when we lively feel his Spirit in us.

Holy Job saith, *I though after the skin wormes destroy the body, yet in my flesh I shall see God for my selfe, and mine owne eyes shall behold him, and not anothers.*

Which numerall Identity gives certainty, that this soule of mine impersonared anew, and so inanimating my body againe, shall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

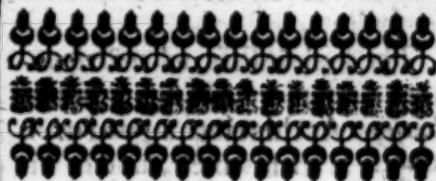
That soule, the lost pearle, which to finde, a man would have given all he had, shall there be found ingraven in a body of gold, whereas hett it was poorly set in clay. Hee which

which came with his garments red from B. zra, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appeare what we shall be, but we know that when Christ shal appeare, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, saith Saint Iohn. Come then ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you; and feare not, little flocke, for it is your Fathers pleasure to give you the kingdome. Tarry but a little while, saith Saint Paul, and he that shal come will come, and will not tarry.

A man, saith Chrysostome, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loth to come out of it. Nay, saith Saint Augustine, A man might Age himselfe in it, and sooner growe old, than weary.

The



The fourth generall Division.

IIII.

What our last thoughts should be.



Seneca saith, the last day
judgeth all the pre-
cedent, *Ultimum opti-
mum*: Dying words
are weightlest, and
make deepest impressions: yet our
last thoughts are readiest to spend
themselves upon somewhat that we
loved best while we lived. Jezebel
at last was more taken up with see-
ming faire, than being happie.

*Et tunc quoque versus ad illam, be-
cause*

cause shee loved her face more than her soule.

The soule it selfe, when it is entering into glory, breathes divine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his beell, not in his mouth, his words are then so pithy and so pectorall.

Anatomists doe say, there are strings in a mans tongue, which go to his heart; when these breake, man speakes his heart: *Utinam saperent & intelligerent, & novissima providerent*, said *Moses*, when he was dying: Christs last words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*. Our answer is, *Amen*. Even so come Lord *Jesus*, &c.

As in greatest extremities good Physicians leave drugs, and minister only Cordials: so deale by thy soule when death approaches; Lay thee downe and sleepe in peace, cast away all worldly cares, entertaine only thoughts that wil animate thy weake body, and refresh thy thirstie soule, as did that dew of *Hermon* falling upon the *Hill of Sion*. When
sick-

sicknesse undresses man for death, then *Jobs Scio*, and *Saint Pauls Cupio*, are the words of sweetest comfort.

Man, saith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at last to the dust, if so be there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Physician: Earthly means were for use, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the man whose last day is his best day.

All the while I lived, said a good man, I was going on my journey, *In via*, but not *in patria*; but now that I am dying, I finde my selfe neere home, I am come to *mount Sion*; I will not therefore sit downe on this side *Jordan*, but hasten to the heavenly *Jerusalem*; whither when I come, I shall there see my God face to face, heare my Saviour say, *Euge bone serue*, & my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me, but will he give me a Kingdome? and shall not I be glad when
God

God shall come and fetch me, to
enthroned me in this Kingdome?

Absit: If Christ be gone up to pre-
pare a place for me, Lord let me be
prepared for that place; blessed eter-
nity where art thou, I am seeking
for thee, and I see thee comming
towards me? Now me thinkes I
heare my soule say, *Cur non accedis,
Domine? Quid moraris?*

I have too long dwelt in this Se-
pulchre of earth, *Vix mihi, quia pro-
longatus est incolatus meus in terra,*
woe is me that I still remaine In Me-
sech & dwell in the tents of Kedar:
It is enough Lord, as *Eliu* said in
the wilderness; Take now away
my life, for I am no better than my
Fathers were. My soule thirsteth
for thee: When shall I come and
appeare before thee? Nay, my soule
is now grown so high minded, that
thee saith, *Major sum, & ad majora
genitus, quam ut in ancipitum sim huius
corporis*: Man is not quiet till he be
more than man: let his condition
here civilly be what it will, it will
not content him. Bare Philosophy
made

made such impression in *Socrates*,
That in *carcere damnatus egit cum*
discipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio
ergastulo, counting the body to be a
worse prison to the soule, than that
prison was to him.

Plato when he saw one over-in-
dulgent to his body by high fee-
ding it, asked what hee meant to
make his prison so strong? When
you pamper the flesh, you doe but
victuall the enemy,

The body at best is but the li-
ving Coffin of the soule, as the
grave is the dead Coffin of the
body.

Thus doth Divine Contempla-
tion make us high in thoughts, rich
in expectation; Therefore it is but
dutie in man to know the digni-
tie of his Soule, which is so hea-
venly ambitious, as it will not let
heaven alone, till it may see, as it is
scene.

Gravata est anima mea, my body
is a burthen to my soule, It hath
had honour enough to have beene
so long companion with it: where-
fore

fore now, as Saint Hierome saith,
Egredere anima, egredere.

What dost thou longer here on
earth, O thou my heaven-borne
Soule?

The Hermit sitting on his turfe,
said to his soule, *Sexaginta annos
servivisti Deo, & nunc mori times?*
Goe out of this Arke of flesh, O
my soule, for I now smell the sa-
vour of rest. *Celeritas nunc in deside-
rio mora est.* As Christ said to his
Disciples, *Surgite, etiamus hinc:* So
say to thy Soule; *Surge anima de
mundo, etiamus in cælum.*

Though my soule, as a Bird, for
necessity sake hath beene faine to
stay a while here upon earth, yet
willingly would it be soaring in the
skie; but I finde that *Ista vita est
mibi impedimento ad id, propter quod
vivitur:* Specially when I heare my
Saviour say, *Father, I will that those
whom thou hast given mee, be with mee
where I am, that they may behold my
Glory.* Sybilla before Christ, and
Plato since Christ doe both agree,
that the union of mans soule with
God,

God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aymes at. Therefore *Desiderio desideravi ergastuli huius egressum*, that I may see *facie ad faciem* him whom my soule loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyest thy selfe, and glorified spirits enjoy thee.

Ostende mihi Patrem, & sufficit. Surely saith Saint *Augustine* in his Meditations, *Domine, creasti nos ob te, nusquam erit cor quietum donec pervenerit ad te.* Blessed are the dead which dye in the Lord, saith Saint *John*; yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their workes follow them. O thou Source of the Springs of *Lebanus*, my soule now thirsteth to be with thee; In the twilight betwixt the day of life and night of death.

Enteraine thy last houre with such like thoughts, *Et he tibi dabunt ad aternitatem iter, & in itinere sublevabunt.* They will Angelize thy body, and Emparadise thy soule, before thou comdest into heaven; yeeld a sweetnesse beyond the bitternesse of Death.

Cer-

Certainly, a good Soule thus imploying it selfe, in *istâ hora*, will not leave the felicity it shall have in such an assured transfiguration from death to life, for all the joyes that life past did ever render it.

Good Saint *Augustine*, in a high speculation, endeavouring to expresse this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old man, Father *Augustine*, *Quid agis?* A man may as well draw in all the ayre in the world with a breath, as expresse to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expresse it.

As griefes concealed, so joyes expressed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable joy cannot be exprest, *Quantum, vel qualis sit*, yet is it *Res generosa conari alta, & mente majora concipere, quam quæ effici possunt.*

Therefore this we may doe, some way sample that which no way wee can expresse: *In arduis voluisse sat est*, in some things good purposes supply actions.

Like

Like as a Bird that hath beene
long encaged, then chants it most
merrily, when she gets loose into
the open ayre.

Nititur in sylva quaq; redire sua :

Or as a sicke man, that hath wea-
rily tossed and turned himselfe in
his bed all the dull night long, is
then comforted at the approach of
the day-breake, when the Sunne-
beames gild the morning:

Or as a prisoner that fees his
chaines heaue upon him, longs for
releasement.

*Liberaque a ferri crura futura
velis :*

So will it bee with thy Soule,
when thou shalt heare thy Saviour
say, *I am thy salvation : Come unto mee
thou that art weary and heauie laden,
and I will refresh thee.*

*Poenitentibus & petentibus pertinet
Regnum Caelorum :* To them that
are weary of this durance, and spe
for deliverance, belongeth the king-
dome of heauen.

Wherefore as a wearied traveler that hath passed a long journey, though perhaps met with some delights by the way, is then gladder when he comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Even so thy soule after many yeares pilgrimage in the wilderness of this wretched world, being come with Asafer to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleasant land of Canaan from the top of Pisgah, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to see the Sunne comming as a Bridegroom out of his chamber.

Delectus meus descendit in locum suum, et areolarum aromatum.

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have some glimpse; while thou wast in health; but then it was, as the blind-mane visitor in the Gospel, to whose face sight men seemed to walk like trees; but in this thy new state thou shalt see clearly

men and Angels stand before the
Lamb's Throne, and heare thy selfe
invited to the Lambes Supper,
where thou shalt bee brought into the
cellar, and love will be the banner
over thee. It is the best eloquence to
speak to God in the same language
he speaks to us.
Come then, O Shunammite, stay mee
with a raggon, and comfort mee with
Apples, for I am sick of love. Kisse me
with the kisse of thy mouth, for thy love
is better than wine; Shew mee, O thou
whom my soule loveth, where thou feedest,
where thou sleepest at noone.

Thus with Salomon in a Canticle,
and with David in a Psalm, let be
the Raptures of thy Soule, which
as in a trance, shall be caught up to
heaven, as was Philip by the Spirit,
and Ezechiel by the Angell.

And with an Heroicall alacritie
tempered with a gracious humili-
ty, give up thy soule to God, and
bid farewell to the world.

Sing with Deborah, O my soule,
thou hast marched valiantly; and say
with David, Returne now my soule

unto thy rest, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.

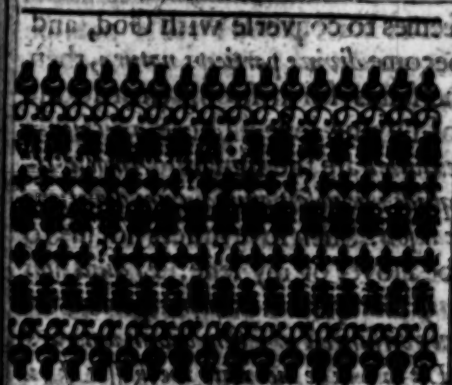
Dying Saint Steven before his eyes were closed, had a facial sight of his Saviour. *Videbat Deum per essentiam*, looked steadfastly into the heaven: and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Old Simson, after hee had seen his Saviour, rejoyced then to say, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

Hoc videam, & merer: Merer, ut videam.

And with David in a Psalm, let be the Rancours of thy Soule, which as in a mirror, shall be caught up to heaven, as was said by the Spirit.

The And with an Herodell, humble-temper'd with a gracious humil-

did fast well to the world.



THE RAPTURE OF THE SOULE.

R *Apitur Anima, cum cele-
stia contemplatur. & con-
templanda jucundatur.*

This is a kinde of Arreption
to Heaven; when a man abstracts
himselfe from earth, and by Con-
templation growes into acquaint-
ance with GOD, for then hee

ma nica, Holy Hieron swears he
Tesser Deum, post beatitudinem je-
junia vixit sum miles versari inter ag-
mina angelorum, to have private con-
 versation with Quarters of Angels;
 The first Christians were ravished
 with a greater desire of knowledge
 than of food, sometimes lived three
 dayes together in contemplation
 and never eat. *Raptus est supernus*
gradus contemplationis, saith Salor
Augustinus, which raises in man tow-
 ring thoughts, irradiates his soule
 with high apprehensions; and so
 elevates him to God, as it takes him
 out of himselfe, to live above him-
 selfe. *Nescio in quam altitudinem tra-*
cas me, Domine, saith he in his Rap-
 ture.

The Soule being thus powerfull-
 ly attracted by the inducements of
 so faire and divine delights, Shee
 on her part corresponds, and with
 a willing assent glides after these
 attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by
 the Sunne, she goes out of her selfe,
 and would willingly draw the bo-
 dy with her, but that substance is

too sad; wherefore shee quits it a
not agill, nor sprightfull enough
to soare so high; *O that my Soule*
had wings as a Dove, that I might flye,
and be at rest, saith David.

It is an admirable thing to con-
sider that the eye of a man so weak,
so tender a peece, should looke up
every day to heaven, so wonderfull
in height, and yet never be tyred
by the way: by this I see that hea-
venly Contemplation, (which is
the best Opticke) if it bee strong
enough, and not overclog'd with
earthly thoughts, is able to carry us
with ease to heavenly extasie.

The will takes pleasure to per-
ceive the understanding (which is
the Soules King) taken into Rap-
ture, and when the faculties both
of will and understanding doe in-
tercommunicate their ravishments,
then are we sweetly brought into
divine extasie, in which state man
feeles nothing of the Humane, but
dyes in his life, and lives in his
death.

Of this sacred extasie the Sera-
phicall

phicall Divines make three sorts;
one of understanding, a second of
affection, a third of action.

Action is added, because a man
is not to be above himselfe in Con-
templation, and under himselfe in
conversati^{on}. The first of the three
is, in splendore; the second, in freewill;
the third, in laboure; the one caused
by admiration; the other by devo-
tion, the last by operation.

In these Rapports, the Fathers,
who were stiled Saints, had such a
complacency, as they strove to act
this as the way of a new life, some-
times before their death, in so much
as the votaries would say, *Never was
a Saint*, but had extacies, and ravi-
shment of life before his death; as they
laboured by a liquefaction of their
soules into God, to insoule them-
selves in God, to put themselves
out of the naturall compo^{se}ment
of the body, and so to live in Di-
vine extasie without living in the
body.

This made Saint Paul to say, *I
know a man in Christ forty years*

of the body, and of the mind.

Some so lived, as it were doubt-
ed whether they were living men
dead, or dead men living. Nay, some
with fervencie of spirit were trans-
ported into such exaltation, that their
soules being wholly conversant in
divine Contemplation, they cared
not to afford common assistance to
Nature, and so have dyed through
extenuation and want of strength,
conceiving there was no use of any
creatures to them, that enjoyed the
Creation.

Thus did love performe the of-
fice of Death, *How sweet a strong*
Death, *saie Salomon,* *may youth*
then is wrought more shild Death
could doe: for Death only perfor-
meth by effect, that which Love
operated by affection, Death did
but separateth their bodies from their
soules, but Love separateth their
soules from their bodies living.

In such a trance they report Saint
Basil to say, That Jacobi, when he had
fast hold on God, let him goe for a kiss-
sing.

sing. But the *Synnamite*, *My* *God* will not let thee go; For shee now seekes no more Benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.

Saint Hierome to say, *O my Saviour*, diddest thou dye of love for mee? A love more dolorous than death, but to me a death more lovely than life it selfe. I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.

When *Soverinus*, the Indian Saint, was recovering from dying, it is reported he was heard to say, *O my God*, doe not for pittie, so over-judge me; if I must still live and have such consolations, take me to heaven. For bee that hath once tasted this and thy sweetnesse, must necessarily live afterwards in bitterness.

This is the state of loves life in God, which giveth a super-humane being unto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engrafting me into God by her uniting vertue, makes me now to say, *Vivo ego*, sed non ego, vivit vero in me Christus. *My* life

life is bid in Christ with God. And
 now me thinkes I see him face to
 face, *Visione illa beatificā, & iugiter
 revelatā facio, Sponsi gloriam speculan-
 do, transformatur anima de claritate in
 claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui,*

Tota pulchra es amica mea.

Who is this that cometh from E-
 dom, with red garments from B. z. ab.
 I now behold ike day spring from on
 high come to visit mee: Say then to the
 North, Give; and to the South, Re-
 store; And so come Lord Jesus, come
 quickly;

MORTIS



MORTIS EPILOGUS.

Quoniam mors me quotidie expectat, ego mortem quotidie expectabo.

But before thou goest hence, consider well these four things:

- 1 Unde venis.
- 2 Quo vadis.
- 3 Quid es.
- 4 Quid eris.

Upon enquiry *unde venio*, I am told, *Pecatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt.*

Miseri miserum me in hanc lucis miseriam induxerunt.

Conceptus

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria,
Vivere paena, mors angustia; Et quan-
to est vita mea longior, tanto est culpa
mea minorior.

This makes me thinke,

2. Quorsum contumacata est mihi vita
humana?

For this onely,

Ad complendam vitam celestem:
Et hoc vult divina clementia
Quod vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior.

For

For my *Quo vado.*

IT is lifes *Posse*, *Vadere*, to fade
and decay.

Vado telle me, I am in *transitu*
But it rejoyceth me to thinke,

Eo ad Patres.

And this hope comforte,

Sepelietis in etate bona.

Therefore *mea me* *ad ad* *quere*, *ne* *ti*
meo mori:

Mihi enim mors servit in solatium

Vitam habeo in patientia,

Mortem vero in desiderio.

Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum,

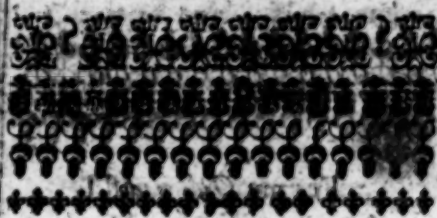
Et tunc

Oblitus exilii, ibo ad patriam:

Nam

Mortua morte revertitur mihi vita.

To



To expresse, *Quid sum.*

Quod fando explicare queat?

Pulvis es, cinis, et know.

Es in pulverem reverteris. This is sure.

That homo is morbidum, putri, et as-
sum:

Es in non hominem dicitur omnis homo.

This every man findes.

Our mettall is, de bumore liqui-
do,

And the mould no better, In
utero impuro.

Dam-

Damnatus antequam natus, that's
our condition.

Our best Stocke is, *Semen A-*
brabæ.

Quærens putredinem; *Thou art my*
Mother,

And to the Wormes, *Tu es* my
Brethren.

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices &*
culices, amongst Flyes and Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight
lighter than vanity, our worth no-
thing.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor.

If so,

Si natus sum plorans,

Si morior plangens,

Nolo ego vivere ridens.

Hoc tantum volo,

Animam meam ornare, qua Deus &

Angelis

Mox presentanda est in caelis.

Now

That's



New for Quaker

This also I know.

Quid sum, et quid officia.
Sed id esse & nosse desidero.

Non valde Deum iudicantem Deo,

Life in Dutch Colonial Days, available

Hoc est et cetera sequitur, et supra et cetera.

...the man variety, our work...

This may be admired, hardly im-

derhood: d no ai ends ash

Yet better understood, than can be expressed.

Therefore to my soule I say not,
O *Animula, blandula, vagula* : but,

O Anima Del'infinita imagine,

Decorata similitudine,

Deponata Fide

Redemptor Sanguiinis

Don't spin

Deputata cum Angelis.

But

But to contemplate,

*Quanta claritas, quanta suavitas,
quanta jucunditas maneat me in il-
la visione, cum facie ad faciem vi-
debo Christum?*

*O Lord hear my words, consider
my Meditations, Psal. 5.*

FINIS.